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ARTHUR DIXON

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In Memoriam

ARTHUR DIXON

1837-1917

CHICAGO
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1919

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
of
ARTHUR DIXON

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ARTHUR DIXON

It is a notable fact that people of Scotch-Irish ancestry, or the Scotch-Irish as they are usually called, retain the same traits of character through many generations. No matter how widely scattered they may become, or in what environment they may be found, they continue to exhibit the same characteristics. They are sturdy, both physically and mentally; industrious, persevering, and extremely thrifty; strong-willed, often to the point of obstinacy; conservative, very decided in their opinions, and full of faith in themselves. With such characteristics predominating, they are well fitted for the battle of life and usually succeed in what they undertake. Thus it will be found that the Scotch-Irish in this country, even though many years may have elapsed since their ancestors came over, have undergone little modification. They are loyal Americans, but they exhibit the old Scotch-Irish traits in their thoughts, their feelings, and their conduct. Not only so, but their children and their childrens' children will be found possessing the same traits. Almost without exception they are excellent citizens—conservative, practical, thoughtful, and sternly just.

Arthur Dixon was of Scotch-Irish descent. He was born in Fermanagh County, in the north of Ireland, on March 27, 1837. His father, Arthur Dixon, Sr., was a Scotchman (though born in Ireland), and his mother Jane (Allen) Dixon, an Irishwoman. His immediate ancestors were men of considerable note in the community. Both his grandfather and his grandfather's brother, on the paternal side, held commissions in the British army, and his

father was a man of more than ordinary attainments. He seems to have been quite versatile, for although he was a school-teacher by profession, he tilled a little farm at odd times, and also practiced law with considerable success. Arthur Dixon's mother was also a person of strong character, and from both parents he inherited the sterling traits which distinguished him through life.

As a lad Arthur Dixon was surrounded by good influences. His home environments were pleasant, and from his parents he doubtless received much wise counsel and wholesome advice. He attended the district and national schools during his boyhood, and made good use of the opportunities they afforded him. He was eager for an education and was an apt pupil. He early developed a special liking for mathematics, history, and logic, and also exhibited a lively interest in moral, social, and ethical questions. As he grew up he became greatly interested in public affairs and eagerly watched the progress of events throughout the world. He attended Sabbath-school and church services regularly, and thus his moral and religious tendencies were guarded and cultivated. The knowledge he absorbed and the discipline he received in those early years were of inestimable value to him, and had much to do with the shaping of his subsequent career.

In those days it was the custom of many European newspapers to print from time to time glowing accounts of the then comparatively new country across the ocean, America, and to enlarge on the wonderful opportunities it offered to immigrants for making money. While these accounts no doubt were often overdrawn, they were largely true, and the tide of immigration steadily increased year by year. Young Dixon read some of these accounts, and they interested him greatly. It was just the kind of call to excite the imagination and arouse the ambition of a young man full of energy and anxious to see something of the world. Besides, he might strike one of those opportunities to better his fortune. The more he thought about it the more intense became his desire

to see this new El Dorado of the West. So, like many another boy and young man of that day, he left the old home land and set out to seek his fortune in a far-off, unknown country. He left us no written record of his feelings and experiences, but we may well believe that it was a wonderful journey for this boy of eighteen, who before this had scarcely been beyond the boundaries of his own little neighborhood.

He had acquaintances in Philadelphia, so he went to that city first, remaining there for some time. So far as we know, he did not succeed in finding permanent employment in Philadelphia. At any rate he set out for Pittsburgh, arriving there on Independence Day, 1858. He soon secured work in a nursery. It was a new business to him, but he plunged into it with his usual vigor and enthusiasm. He was not content with being a mere workman, doing as he was told by the owner; as he worked he studied the business, and learned a great deal about tree planting and growing.

Yet all the while he was on the lookout for better opportunities. He saw frequent references in the newspapers to a young and growing city a few hundred miles to the west, on the shore of Lake Michigan, called Chicago. From all accounts it promised to be the coming city of the great middle West. The more he read and studied about it the more convinced he became that the promise would come true. His shrewd judgment told him that this new city, while it might be crude and pretentious and uncultured, as some of the Eastern papers were at particular pains to point out, was very advantageously located, and bound to become at no distant day the metropolis of a large and prosperous territory.

So once more he faced westward, arriving at Chicago some time in 1861. He soon secured employment as clerk in a grocery store owned by one G. C. Cook. He performed his humble duties faithfully, but, as always, kept an eye out for the main chance. After a few months, with a little money he had saved, he established a

small grocery of his own. This he conducted successfully for about two years.

In the spring of 1863 he started a general teaming business, with headquarters at 299 (now 425) Wells Street. It was, one might say, by accident that he did this. While running the grocery store he had been obliged to take a horse and dray in payment of a grocery debt. Instead of looking upon this unexpected acquisition as a white elephant, to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible on any reasonable terms, he hired a driver and put the man and dray at work, hauling goods for merchants or any one else who might be in want of such service. The business prospered beyond his expectations and he soon gave up the retail grocery to devote all of his energies to the new line. From time to time he added to his equipment, and before very long found himself the owner of a going and paying business.

From this modest beginning, under his careful and skilful management, the business constantly increased until today the Arthur Dixon Transfer Company is one of the largest of the kind in the country.

The success of the company has been very largely due to the founder's untiring vigilance in looking after his customers' interests, and it is a tribute to his business management that the company has handled the transfer business of some of its patrons continuously for nearly half a century.

Mr. Dixon came to Chicago near the beginning of the Civil War and was of great assistance to the government in enlisting and equipping men for the ranks. It is needless to say that he was a stanch Union man and very loyal in supporting the government of his adopted country.

Arthur Dixon always took a keen interest in public affairs, both local and national. It was in connection with municipal affairs, however, that he found the most congenial field of action. Shortly after coming to Chicago he became deeply interested in the fire

department, and especially in the question of the fire limits. In those days the fire protection was altogether inadequate, and, as the city was growing rapidly, it was becoming more and more necessary to place the fire department on a new and more substantial footing, and to extend the fire limits so as to include all sections of the city that were entitled to protection. This meant that there would have to be radical changes in the organization and the administration of the fire department, and Mr. Dixon was very active in the campaign to bring about such changes. The movement was successful, and on February 16, 1865, by the amended charter, the fire department was placed in the hands of a Board of Police and Fire Commissioners. Under this act, on October twenty-third of the same year, the council passed an amended ordinance, defining new fire limits and adopting regulations for the service. To the citizens of that day the new fire limits seemed to cover a vast territory, extending, for instance, as far south as Thirty-ninth Street.

Mr. Dixon's activities in behalf of the fire department, especially his efforts in securing an extension of the fire limits, brought him into considerable prominence, not only in his own immediate neighborhood, but throughout the city, and in the spring of 1867 he was nominated for alderman from the Second Ward on the Republican ticket. In those days, of course, the women could not vote, but the newspaper accounts tell us that they turned out in large force and worked for the election of Mr. Dixon. He had an honorable competitor on the opposition ticket, and it was a lively contest, but when the votes were counted Mr. Dixon was found to have a majority of 250.

When, on March 4, 1837 (the identical month, and year of Mr. Dixon's birth, by the way), Chicago became a city, it was divided into six wards. The First, Second, Fourth, and Sixth Wards were to have two aldermen each in the City Council. The Third and Fifth were to have but one alderman each till 1839. In

1847 the number of wards was increased to ten, and it so remained till 1862, when the number was again increased. From 1862 to 1869 there were sixteen wards, and from 1869 to 1876, twenty wards.

By an Act of the General Assembly passed March 10, 1869, the city was divided into twenty wards, and the time for the city election was changed from April to November. The law provided that the persons then in office, including of course the aldermen, should be continued in their respective offices until the first Monday in December, 1869.

In the fall election Mr. Dixon was again a candidate for alderman from the Second Ward, and was again elected, his majority this time being 704. He was re-elected in the fall of 1871, and again in 1873. In 1875 a new law was passed, redistricting the city, and reducing the number of wards to eighteen. It provided, however, that those in office should hold over till May, 1876. Thus Mr. Dixon served as one of the two aldermen from the Second Ward continuously from the spring of 1867 till May 1, 1876.

Those were very busy years for him. His private business was growing rapidly and needed his constant supervision. He did not neglect his official duties, however. A close examination of the official records of the Common Council during those years discloses the fact that he was scarcely ever absent from a meeting, regular, adjourned, or special. Also, he was prompt and faithful in his attendance upon committee meetings; and such meetings often require more time and hard work than do the meetings of the council itself. He was a diligent student of municipal matters; his correspondence of those days, and especially scrap books and other records kept by him, being evidence that he was untiring in his efforts to collect and preserve all kinds of information that might be useful to him in his public work.

When the growing dissatisfaction with the course of Andrew Johnson, then President of the United States, was reaching a

climax at Washington, Mr. Dixon offered the following resolutions in the Council:

"WHEREAS, Andrew Johnson has, at various times, violated his oath of office and set at defiance the laws of our country, and he having, times without number, brought disgrace and shame upon the law-abiding masses of the American people by his many usurpations and wrongful, unholy, and illegal acts; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we, the Common Council of the City of Chicago, and on behalf of our constituents, hereby absolutely demand that the said Andrew Johnson, the usurper and traitor, be forthwith impeached and taken from his present high position; and be it further

"*Resolved*, That we hereby instruct our representatives in Congress assembled to do all in their power to bring about this final and very needful result, in order that free America shall no longer tolerate a would-be dictator."

The introduction of these resolutions made a sensation in the council and was followed by an exciting debate. Several members spoke in violent opposition; others as vehemently in support. All attempts to have the resolutions tabled failed, however, and they were adopted by a large majority.

In the summer of 1871 the question of the nationality of those appointed to lucrative city offices was at stake. There was much discussion of the subject, both in the council and outside, some of it very bitter. Civil service regulations had not yet been heard of and, Chicago being a very cosmopolitan city, there was a good deal of contention as to how the loaves and fishes should be distributed among the various nationalities. Some of the mayor's previous nominations had been rejected by the council. At the August meeting he brought in some more, in which he apparently endeavored to be fair to everyone. Mr. Dixon made an impassioned speech in support of the mayor, in the course of which he said:

"I have voted for the confirmation of the candidates heretofore presented by the mayor to this body, regardless of their nationality, because they were men of known ability, high standing, and of irreproachable character—old citizens who, having their share in contributing to the growth and prosperity of this city, managed successfully great interests of their own; fully identified with all the religious, humane, charitable, and educational institutions of our city. . . . We are all American citizens. We are here because there is a wider field and more freedom for the poor man. When we renounced allegiance to our native government, and swore allegiance to this, we believed in an American sentiment and in the future of the great American people, composed of all nations, yet having one object and one aim in view, and that the welfare of all men within its limits. I do not want to see this city, this State, or this country fenced off into sects or nationalities. . . . There are only two questions that ought to be asked concerning a candidate for office: 'Is he honest?' 'Is he capable?' Any other test should receive universal condemnation."

In these few sentences, uttered in the heat of debate but with an earnestness that was as profound as it was vehement, we have a striking illustration of two of Mr. Dixon's most pronounced characteristics: his thorough-going Americanism and his innate honesty.

In the early seventies it was not the custom, as now, for the mayor to preside at council meetings; each newly-elected council would choose its own presiding officer. There was a so-called "Peoples' party" in the field in the spring of 1874, and it brought forward a candidate for president of the council. Notwithstanding its name, the people themselves were somewhat distrustful of the Peoples' party's intentions. Its manager—not himself a member of the aldermanic body—had rendered himself obnoxious to many by his political activities, and his presidential candidate was not above suspicion. The manager, however, thought he had matters lined up, and complacently watched the proceedings which were

to place his candidate in the presidential chair. Not until the vote was announced was he disillusioned, and then he was thunderstruck—shocked beyond words. The vote stood: For the Peoples' party candidate, 16; for Arthur Dixon, 19.

After the friends of the defeated candidate had partially recovered from the shock, they attempted to have the election declared void, on the claim that it was only an informal ballot. The chair and the facts were against them, however, and Mr. Dixon was declared elected president of the council. On being escorted to the chair he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Common Council: I return you my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me tonight in choosing me to preside over your deliberations. The position of president or chairman of a deliberative body is a very delicate one to fill, and it certainly is the experience of many of the members of this council that it is a very trying one to preside over this body. But, gentlemen, as you have selected me for your president, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties pertaining to said office to the best of my ability, and also endeavor to give gratification to every member of this body, to insure fair play to all, and to promote the interests of the city, always relying upon the members of the council to assist in said duties. You have given me assurance tonight by selecting me from the minority of the council to preside over your deliberations. It is a token of better times, when the bitter and harsh feelings that exist between men on account of political differences will cease. Let us therefore act as a deliberative body upon all subjects that come before this body, upon which there may be a difference of opinion, in a manly, straightforward, and courteous manner, so as to win the respect of all, even if we should fail to convince."

The next morning a prominent Chicago daily said editorially:

"The selection of Alderman Dixon as presiding officer of the Common Council was in some respects a most satisfactory piece of

business. Mr. Dixon has been in the council for a number of years, and is well acquainted with the various important measures that are now before it. He knows their history, their real and pretended designs, and is capable of judging of their effect upon the public interests. . . . The present council has done absolutely nothing for the benefit of the city. It has now reached a turning point in its career, and its future depends very much upon the course of action adopted by the presiding officer."

This election to the presidency of the council occurred March 19, 1874, two and a half years after the great fire which destroyed a large section of the city. In the unsettled times which followed the fire there had been a great deal of corruption in connection with the city government. Millions were given away at almost every council meeting, and new schemes to break into the city treasury were continually being concocted. Mr. Dixon had fought the spoilsmen at every turn, for a time almost single-handed, and it was no light task that confronted him when he took the chair. Fortunately, however, the people of the city had become aroused to the perils of the situation, and some of the suspected aldermen were anxious to get under cover before the storm broke. This fact no doubt contributed to his election as president. Moreover there was a "law and order" minority in the council which stood by him. He finally had the satisfaction of seeing the grand jury bring indictments against twenty-three aldermen charged with wrongdoing.

The following December (1874) Mr. Dixon was re-elected president of the council, this time receiving thirty-four of the thirty-five votes cast. Under the conditions then existing this was a real tribute.

He presided at the council meetings until his term of office expired, May 1, 1876. He was not a candidate for re-election, and for three years remained in private life, devoting his attention to his business affairs, which had become exceedingly important.

In the fall of 1879 he was again a candidate for alderman, this time from the First Ward, and was elected by a handsome majority. From that time until 1891, a period of twelve years, he continued to represent the First Ward, being re-elected in 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, and 1889 by comfortable majorities, sometimes almost without opposition. At the close of his term of office in 1891 he declined a renomination, feeling that inasmuch as he had spent twenty-one of the fifty-four years of his life in the service of his adopted city, he was entitled to retire.

On June 21, 1891, Mr. Dixon was presented with a copy of the following resolutions, richly bound and beautifully engraved and illumined:

"At a regular meeting of the City Council of the City of Chicago, held April 27, 1891, the following preamble and resolutions indorsing the official actions of Alderman Dixon were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, The City Council of the City of Chicago is about to lose the services of its eldest and best known member through his voluntary and, we hope, temporary retirement from the political field of action:

"*Resolved*, That we, the colleagues, some of many years, others of short acquaintance, tender to Alderman Dixon on this occasion the expression of our heartiest good wishes for his future, and also the expression of our apprehension of the loss the council and the city sustains through his withdrawal from our municipal legislature.

"*Resolved*, That we place on record our conviction of his great public worth, his zeal for honest and economical government, his sincere interest in the cause of the taxpayers, and undoubted and unquestioned ability in every position assigned to him; and further, we record the expression of our hope that his zeal, his earnestness and ability may soon be utilized for the public in some new capacity; and be it further

"*Resolved*, That the City Clerk be and is hereby directed to spread this preamble and resolutions upon the records of the council, and to present to Alderman Dixon a suitably engrossed copy of same.

"HEMPSTEAD WASHBURN,
Mayor.

"JAS. R. B. VAN CLEAVE,
City Clerk."

The twenty-four years covering the period from the time Arthur Dixon first entered the council in 1867, until he finally left it in 1891, were exceedingly eventful ones in the history of Chicago. It was a time of marvellous growth in population and in extent of territory. When he entered the council, the city had a population of about 250,000. When he left it, the population was considerably more than 1,250,000. During those twenty-four years many tremendous problems came up for settlement, and the Common Council, as the representative of the city, had to settle them. During twenty-one of those twenty-four years Mr. Dixon was a prominent member of that body, participating in all the discussions, and voting as his good sense and his conscience dictated. The official records of the council are eloquent testimony to his faithfulness as a public official. No question of importance escaped his attention. Among other things he advocated the following measures: city ownership of the gas plant; high water pressure; the building of sewers by special assessments; the creation of a public library; the annexation of suburbs; the building of viaducts over railway crossings; the drainage law; the city's right to the interest on city funds; proper fire protection for all sections of the city, and the laying of very large water pipes in the down-town districts. He did not favor the erection of elevated railways in public thoroughfares, but he favored the construction of a subway to connect Michigan Boulevard and Lake Shore Drive.

Three times while he was a member of the council the people became aroused and set in motion tidal waves which swept over

the aldermanic body, driving some of the corrupt members into private life. Three times the attempt was made to give private corporations control of the high-pressure water-works system. Had any one of them succeeded it would have deprived the city of millions of dollars. Alderman Dixon persistently fought these attempted deals, and assisted very materially in their defeat. The insight gained during these fights led him to believe that the city ought to own the gas and electric light plants.

It was in the matter of finances that Mr. Dixon wielded the greatest influence. During the last twelve years of his membership in the council he was always chairman of the finance committee under Republican administrations, and a leading member of it under Democratic administrations. As a matter of fact he was the chief financial adviser of all the administrations, and had far more to do than any other man in shaping their financial policies. He was often spoken of as the "watchdog of the treasury."

It has been said that during all those years there were two men in the council, and only two, who were regarded as undoubted authority in the interpretation of the powers of the city charter, and as having a clear-cut understanding of parliamentary law as applied to the rules governing the aldermanic body. Arthur Dixon was one of the two, and he could always be relied upon to use his extensive knowledge for the benefit of the taxpayers.

From a Chicago daily, April, 1892, we read: "In all his public career Mr. Dixon has maintained a character above reproach, and all his actions have been straightforward, business-like, and in the interests of good government."

From another paper, April 27, 1891: "He quits tonight after twenty-one years of active, earnest service. In all that time it is asserted that he has never lost his temper or become implicated in a forensic dispute without routing his opponent."

From another, dated July 21, 1886: "Alderman Dixon sits in the front row of seats, very near to the presiding officer, the mayor.

He never takes the trouble to make a speech until he is sufficiently interested in the subject to speak with great force, throwing his long arms about and shaking the gallery with his powerful voice. While he is speaking nobody goes to sleep, particularly when he is paying his respects to the mayor."

In 1870 Mr. Dixon was chosen to represent the First Senatorial District in the XXVIIth General Assembly of the State of Illinois. His career in that capacity was entirely creditable and honorable, for he brought to his duties the same vigor and unselfish devotion which always characterized his actions, whether in business, politics, religion, or social life. While a member of the legislature he had charge of several measures that were of vital interest to the city of Chicago. Among the bills introduced by him and passed by the legislature were the one providing for the location of the Chicago Public Library, the one appropriating $3,000,000 to repay the outlay in building the first drainage canal, and the one authorizing the one mill tax for special assessments.

For almost a quarter of a century Mr. Dixon was a member of the city and county Republican central committees, and time and again was elected chairman.

In 1880 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention, the one which nominated James A. Garfield for the Presidency.

In 1872 he came within a few votes of being nominated for Congress on the Republican ticket.

He was the first president of the Irish-Republican organization in Chicago, being elected to that position in 1868. The following year he served as president of the National Irish Republican Convention, held in Chicago, and later became treasurer of that organization.

Chicago had a Methodist Church long before it had a city charter. On June 16, 1831, the Rev. Stephen R. Beggs organized the First Methodist Church, with ten members, in a log schoolhouse

near Canal Street and Wolf's Point. The first church building was erected in 1834 at the corner of North Water and Clark Streets, at a cost of $500. This building was afterwards moved across the river on scows, and located at the southeast corner of Clark and Washington Streets. A new building was erected on this site in 1845. It was built of brick, had a steeple, and cost $12,000. This was replaced by a much larger building in 1858, at a cost of $70,000.

It was to this church that Arthur Dixon wended his way on the morning of his first Sunday in Chicago. For fifty-six years thereafter he scarcely ever missed a church or a Sunday-school service. He dearly loved the church and everything connected with it, and his devotion to its interests ended only with his life.

Four years after connecting himself with the Church he became a teacher in the Sunday School, and for more than half a century he continued in that capacity. Most of the time he had charge of the Strangers' Bible Class, composed largely of young men who had only recently come to Chicago. Many of these young men afterward became prominent in the business and social life of the city. Long afterward one of them wrote:

"Through the mists of over thirty years I can see that company of young fellows, all bound together by a common love and respect for the personality of the leader. It was just after the great Chicago fire. Hundreds of young men were attracted by the possibilities of new enterprises in a rapidly growing city. It was the ambition of the scholars of the class to increase the attendance, and get the strangers in. Mr. Dixon filled us with his own enthusiasm. Some of the best times we had were the evenings spent in our teacher's home, the social gatherings of his class in his parlor. I think we learned that Sunday-school boys could have more of the best kind of fun than any other boys in the world."

And Mr. Dixon enjoyed the work quite as much as the boys did. Toward the close of his life he wrote:

"The happiness I have had in meeting young men in my class has been profound, and will be everlasting. I know of no work more satisfying. The joy of seeking for the truth in the Bible, and helping others to do so, is beyond anything that money can buy."

For many years Mr. Dixon was president of the board of trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and many times, especially in his later years, he was honored in various ways by the Church and Sunday School. On one occasion he was presented with a gold medal to commemorate forty-four years' of continuous attendance at Sunday School, and he valued it more highly than if it had been the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1915 the church celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his membership and his seventy-eighth birthday by holding the entire service in his honor.

The following sketch, the writer unknown, describes a scene in the M. E. Sunday School on Easter Morning, 1915, the day on which Mr. Dixon completed fifty years of unbroken service in the school:

"Let me paint you a picture.

"Seated in a great armchair is the slightly stooped but still stalwart form of a white-haired son of Erin. There is an unmistakable radiance in his countenance that comes only from the light that Peter said he saw encircling the Master on the holy mount. A sweet little girl in a white dress, with a sunlit face, and holding in her hand an Easter lily, one of the kind of flowers God must have let drop from the skies, steps before him. She holds out the lily and places it in the veteran's hand, and then, drawn by the invisible magnet of the love she saw looking out of his benign eyes, she tiptoed for a kiss. Other eyes are looking on, but for the moment age and childhood forget that they are on the platform of a church. The kindly man of seventy-eight forgets he is a millionaire, a director of big corporations, a political chieftain, a man of authority. He is thinking only of the time when, as a little child, he, too, held up his face to a mother who taught him to pray and

who led him by the hand to Sunday School. Then, through the shining mists of fifty years, he sees trooping toward him class after class of young men whom, as teacher, he had sent out into the world strengthened for life's tasks. He sees, too, faces of some he had 'loved long since and lost awhile.'

"For a moment the mists lift, and he sees around him a circle of sons and son's wives smiling through tears of joy.

" 'Yes,' he mused, 'a lily is gift enough for fifty years of Sunday School teaching, for in its heart of gold I know is held, as in a chalice, the treasures of love and honor and gratitude of a countless host.' "

Many honors came to him in his later days, tributes to his personal worth and his long and honorable record in public and in private life.

Shortly after retiring from the council he was appointed by the mayor a member of the executive committee of arrangements for the World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago in 1893. He was also one of the committee that was instrumental in arranging and passing the ordinance providing for the loan of $5,000,000 to the Exposition. In 1892 he was elected a director of the Exposition, and his services and counsels in that capacity were invaluable in the successful carrying out of that enormous enterprise.

For many years he was a trustee of Wesley Memorial Hospital, and that institution owes much to his watchfulness and care in the conduct of its business affairs.

He was also a director in many large business concerns, including among others the Central Trust Company of Illinois, the Grand Trunk Western Railway, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the Frank Parmelee Company, the Sibley Warehouse & Storage Company, the Consolidated Stone Company and the Security Life Insurance Company.

He was a member of the Union League, La Salle, Hamilton, and Sheridan Clubs, and at various times held official positions in them.

In 1894 he was president of the Hamilton Club, and did much toward setting it on the road to prosperity.

For nearly half a century Arthur Dixon was affiliated with the Masonic Fraternity in Chicago. He was a member of Garden City Lodge, Washington Chapter, Apollo Commandery, Oriental Consistory, and Medinah Temple. He was always interested in the work of the order and faithful in his support of its practical and charitable movements.

On January 11, 1862, Arthur Dixon was united in marriage to Miss Anna Carson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who survives him. To them fourteen children were born, eleven of whom are living at this time (1918): Arthur A., George W., Thomas J., William W., Homer L., Alan C., Grace, Edna, Mrs. Wilton B. Martin, Mrs. Stanley Woodworth, and Mrs. Walter E. Faithorn. The three who have passed away were Clara L., Elizabeth J., and James B. Dixon.

Mr. Dixon was domestic in his tastes and inclinations, and always found his keenest enjoyment at his own fireside. On one occasion when being interviewed by a reporter he said: "When you say anything about my record, don't forget my family, for I'm as proud of that as of anything I ever did in the council."

Especially during his later years it was the custom for Mr. Dixon's children and grandchildren, and other friends and relatives, to gather at the old home and celebrate his birthday anniversary. These were always delightful meetings; but no one enjoyed them more, or quite as much perhaps, as did he in whose honor they were held. On one of these birthday anniversary occasions he spoke as follows:

"From time immemorial, birthday gatherings and wedding celebrations have existed. There are annual birthdays, silver wedding-days, and golden wedding-days. Even nations have their annual birthdays, and recognition of their importance seems to be growing more and more as the ages progress. In this land we cele-

brate the birthday of Washington, the father of this Republic; the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the savior of the Republic; and the birthday of Grant, the greatest military general of modern times. And every country, like America, is celebrating and keeping these memories green. St. Patrick's Day seems to be growing greener and fresher and recognized more and more as the years go by.

"These birthday celebrations seem to be increasing as the ages progress. I have had twelve celebrations in this house, and this makes the thirteenth. Thirteen, they say, is an unlucky number; but I don't believe it.

"There were twelve tribes of Israel—with Moses, the Lawgiver, making thirteen. There were twelve Apostles—or Disciples—with Christ in their midst, making thirteen. Then there were twelve gates to the Holy City—with their brightness and beauty making thirteen.

"There were thirteen original States, and the stars and stripes are symbols of man's makeup and nature—pure heart, clear brain, strong hands, and swift feet.

"Now, in conclusion, from the fullness of my heart, I am sure I voice the sentiment of all who have taken part in this celebration when I say: May we all enjoy these happy occasions until the offspring of all who are gathered here tonight are multiplied, until these spacious rooms shall not be able to accommodate us all, making it necessary for larger ones to be built."

His eightieth birthday was celebrated at his home, 3131 Michigan Avenue, by a party given by his children and grandchildren. Thirty relatives sat down at the long table, fifteen of them his grandchildren: Elizabeth Dixon Martin, Arthur Dixon III, Wesley, Thomas J., Jr., Anna, Alice and Dora, Marion and George W., Jr., Katharine Anne, Virginia, Clara Elizabeth, Ethel Frances and Homer L. Dixon, Jr., and Walter E. Faithorn, Jr. This was on March 27, 1917.

Arthur Dixon was a man of decided convictions, and given to expressing them freely. It was not in his makeup to be neutral on any important question that concerned him. At the same time, however, he was tolerant of other peoples' opinions—provided he thought them sincere—allowing them the same liberty of belief which he himself claimed. In his dealings with his fellow men he was keen and far-sighted, but honorable and fair. He endeavored to carry his religion into his everyday life, and succeeded where many fail.

He was a man of striking appearance, six feet in height, with a well proportioned body. His face was full, ruddy, and clean-shaven. His nostrils and chin indicated energy and resoluteness. He was strictly temperate, and during the greater part of his life enjoyed robust health. For several years prior to his death he was totally blind, but he never allowed this affliction, grievous as it must have been, to interfere with his kindly disposition and genial nature.

Although he had passed his eightieth milestone on life's journey, Arthur Dixon's death came as a shock to his relatives and friends. He had been in his usual good health, taking his customary lively interest in business, church, and social affairs. About the middle of October, 1917, he contracted a slight cold. At first it was thought to be nothing serious, but in a few days it developed into pneumonia. Everything that medical skill could suggest and that loving hands could do was done, but at his advanced age there was little hope. At four o'clock on the morning of October 26, 1917, at the age of eighty years and seven months, he fell asleep.

SERVICES AT THE FUNERAL

of

ARTHUR DIXON

SERVICES AT THE FUNERAL

of

ARTHUR DIXON

The funeral services were held at the family residence, 3131 Michigan Avenue, in Chicago, Illinois, on Sunday, October 28, 1917.

INFORMAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICE

A brief informal Sunday School service was held at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Although this service was not determined upon until late Saturday, thus making it difficult to get it widely announced, yet the School was in full attendance at the appointed hour.

The service consisted of appropriate Scripture readings, singing of some of Mr. Dixon's favorite Sunday School songs, and prayers by the Rev. D. G. Batey and by the pastor, the Rev. William Macafee. The service closed by a touching little ceremony in which every member of the school placed a rose upon the casket, as he took a last look at the beloved face, and passed out. Those who knew Mr. Dixon well said that nothing that might follow during that day would be more according to his own wish than this simple, informal service, and this beautiful expression of tender regard by the Sunday School.

The order of the service is given below:

ORDER OF SERVICE

SONG

"The Golden Bells," . . . . . *Mrs. Orval Simpson*

SONG BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"Showers of Blessings."

Prayer

By the Rev. Dr. William Macafee

Our Father we come to Thee, and Our Savior we come to Thee. "To whom should we come but unto Thee for Thou hast the words of eternal life and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

O our Master and Lord, Thou hast the words for every need of human life. Thou hast the words for the day of gladness and joy. And Thou hast the words also for the day of sorrow and trouble and loss and bereavement.

We come to thank Thee for the great and beautiful life that has just gone from us. We thank Thee for those splendid qualities in him that elicited the admiration of every one of us—for his strength, for his tenderness, for his great-hearted sympathy, for his sterling uprightness of life, for his deep faith in God, for his unfailing interest in the things that make for the life of the spirit, for the large and manifold service that was given him to render for God and for his fellow-men.

And we thank Thee for his calm, peaceful, triumphant death, with no shade of fear, and no vestige of reluctance or recoil. His going seemed to us as one about to take a journey to some well-known pleasant place a few miles away. It was the death of one who knew "Whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed to Him against that day."

We thank Thee for this gathering of the Sunday School he loved so well and to which he had given so much of his thought and his anxious care. Oh, how he loved these children! And as he looks down from the Celestial Heights today, nothing could give him so much joy as this tribute of love from the children and members of the Sunday School.

And we pray, Our Father, that the life and death of this great and good man may inspire in every one of us that prayer of the

elder time: "Let me live the life of the righteous, that I may die his death, and that my latter end may be like his."

And we pray Thy blessing upon the family. Bless this devoted wife and mother, who bore the burden and the heat of the day with him, and who filled all his days with sweetest ministries of love and care. And bless all the other members of the family. It is a great heritage of example that is left to them. May every one of them be true to it.

To those who remain, his going is a deep sorrow and loss. But we must think today of what it means to him. To him it is translation. To him it is coronation. To him it is the battle fought and the victory won. And our hearts are lifted up in great joy today by the thought that he is surely one of those on whom the word is pronounced: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundations of the world."

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. AMEN.

SONG BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

PRAYER

By the Rev. Dan G. Batey

Our Father in Heaven: We thank Thee for this life which has been taken from us and that as a Sunday School we can stand here by the body of Thy servant who is not dead but sleepeth and who was a benediction to us, and for his example and inspiration to all of us, old and young, to follow his footsteps in the

narrow way that leads to eternal life. For we realize that a voice from the household is gone, a voice that was loved is stilled, a place is vacant in the home which never can be filled. And may we all be true to Thee so as to meet him in the home of many mansions above. We ask this in Thy name and for Thy sake. AMEN.

BENEDICTION

By the Rev. Dr. William Macafee

Placing of roses on the casket by the members of the Sunday School

Following this was the tribute of the employees—the office foreman and clerks, the drivers, the Union officials, etc. They were present to the number of several hundred, seeking to give expression to their affection and esteem not only by their presence but by the beautiful floral offerings they deposited on or near the casket.

Next to the Sunday School, nothing would have pleased Mr. Dixon more than this tribute from the men who stood so close to him in the routine of everyday business life.

All during the forenoon there was a continuous procession coming and going of those who felt that there would be small chance to gain entrance to the home at the afternoon services.

AFTERNOON SERVICE

The Rev. Dr. William Macafee, Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Presiding

The forenoon services were followed by the formal funeral service at two o'clock in the afternoon. All the members of the family, including two of the grandsons in Army uniform, were present. The spacious home was crowded to the doors; hundreds were compelled to stand during the service; and the streets for

more than a block away were lined by a great host of people who could not gain entrance to the house, and who stood patiently until the last vehicle in the funeral cortège had driven away. Some of the speakers found it almost impossible to make their way through the crowd.

The great gathering represented every walk of life from Chicago's most prominent citizens to the humble day-laborer. One incident illustrates. An eminent Chicago jurist said that the man who stood next to him on the sidewalk that day, during the whole length of the service, was a man whom he had once committed to jail, probably one whom Mr. Dixon had at some time befriended.

Those who participated in the service were: Bishop Thomas Nicholson, Resident Bishop of the Chicago Area, Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Ernest Wray Oneal, a former pastor, and the Rev. William Macafee, the present pastor of the church. The opening prayer was by the Rev. Joseph L. Walker, Superintendent of the Chicago Southwestern District Rock River Conference, and the closing prayer and benediction were by Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. The music was by the Lexington Quartette.

The order of service was as follows:

ORDER OF SERVICE

Hymn

"Lead, Kindly Light," . . . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

Prayer

By the Rev. Joseph L. Walker

Almighty God, we thank Thee that Thou art our dwelling place through all the generations. As we come into this presence today, with sympathy and love and in memory of our father and

brother and friend, we pray that there may come to all our hearts a sense of Thy presence with us, and may we know that in Thee is light and that all our hopes are assured in Thee. Today, O God, we pray that Thou wilt speak to every one of us, and that in all parts of this service, in what shall be said in these addresses, Thy grace may minister unto us. We thank Thee for the confidence that is in us this day as in the days gone by. We bless Thee that Thou canst enter into a human life and so manifest Thyself amid all its activities and expressions that they shall bless and comfort and greatly enrich those who come in contact with it. And as we come here today we give Thee thanks for the life of him who has now gone back to Thee. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the many years in which he has followed Thee in this city, for the rich value of that life in service to Thy Church and the various organizations with which he was connected. We believe that Thou wilt help us as we think of these things and that we may gird up our own loins and strengthen ourselves by Thy grace in all that is good and holy and true. O God, we pray that each one of us may be sowing seed which shall bear its fruitage assuredly, and may we think of that harvest time that shall come. We pray for Thy blessing upon those who have been associated with our brother; for the Church of which he was so long a member, and through whose agency he brought to bear upon so many souls the influence of his life. We pray that Thou wilt guide and keep all who have been thus connected with it. Bless all who have been associated with him in business and in all friendly relationships, so many of whom are gathered here today. We pray that upon these men and women may rest a very special blessing as we think of him that has gone to Thee. But in particular we commend unto Thee this family that has been bereaved in the going of its father and husband. O God, do Thou stand by her who through the years has been his companion, and may there come to her in this hour the rest that comes from a consciousness of Thy love. Do Thou be to her a

husband indeed, and may the peace of God that passeth all understanding be with her and hers through Jesus Christ. And we thank Thee for the family of children. We pray that upon them all Thy blessing may rest, and that this rich heritage of a faithful father's life will ever abide as an inspiration in their souls. May Thy blessing be upon those who shall speak to us today, and in every part of this service do Thou draw near to us. We give ourselves to Thee. We pray that in this holy, consecrated hour we may turn away with all our hearts from every solicitation of evil, that we may count ourselves as useful for Thee, to live lives that shall be pure and true, and that shall honor God in this world and strengthen us for the work to come. Do Thou bless us as we may appear in public life and in private life, that we may so live that in our last hour it shall be said of us that we have done well. Our Father, we give ourselves to Thee for service, for love, for strength. We pray that Thou wilt guide us by Thy grace and give us all a glorious entrance into Thy presence, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. AMEN.

SCRIPTURE READING

Dr. Macafee: I shall read the twenty-third psalm, Mr. Dixon's favorite psalm:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Announcement

Dr. Macafee: I shall at this time make the following announcement. Memorial services will be held, the date to be given later, at the First Methodist Church, corner of Clark and Washington Streets, with which Mr. Dixon had been indentified for more than half a century. So many persons, societies and organizations of various kinds have made this request that the family at length consented to it.

Hymn

"Abide With Me," . . . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

Dr. Macafee: Dr. Ernest Wray Oneal was Mr. Dixon's pastor for nine years at the First Methodist Church, and a pastor greatly beloved by him. The Doctor was absent in Mississippi when the death occurred, but promptly returned at the request of the family to be present at this service. Dr. Oneal will now speak to us.

Address

By the Rev. Dr. Ernest Wray Oneal

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle"—an outburst of grief and a eulogium from the lips of David over the death of his beloved friend Jonathan at the battle of Gilboa. And as appropriate an exclamation for all those who heard that at four o'clock last Friday morning Arthur Dixon breathed his last.

Mighty he was; mighty in personality; mighty in sympathy; mighty in counsel; mighty in influence; mighty for God; mighty for the church; mighty for the betterment of humanity. How are the mighty fallen in this great battle!

I have thought that if the ancient philosopher, in his looking for a man, had confronted Arthur Dixon, there and then his search would have ended. He certainly verified Mr. Carlyle's

description of an upright, downright, straightforward, all-around man.

Physically he was one of nature's noblemen, as we all know, and as such he was an unanswerable argument against the impression that is somewhat abroad in these days, that there is a necessary connection between invalidism and piety. To his class, which you know he taught for nearly fifty years, I heard him once say, "Boys, don't allow anybody to persuade you to become so spiritual that you neglect your bodies." And I thought it was fine, because he appreciated as we all appreciate that in the mighty conflict with the forces of evil in this world what we must have is not only consecrated souls but stalwart bodies. I asked him one time how he ever built up such a tremendous frame; and with that wonderful good humor that was always bubbling up in him, he said, "Not by golf, but by hustling freight and an occasional rough and tumble." People, he was a sure-enough illustration of that great fact of history, that the torch bearers in all the years from the beginning until now, and the heralds of new enlightenments all along through the centuries, and the men who have been the dominant personalities of their age, have been very largely indebted to their physical makeup for their success.

Mentally he was as sinewy as he was in rough and tumble. He had the gift and faculty of seeing things as they were on the instant and by the logical build of his mind, "He stood four-square to all the winds that blew." He was gifted with but few opportunities for an education, and yet he was educated in the truest sense of that word, for you know that when he was working a thing out he worked at it in his way; it did not form a deposit back in his mind some place, but immediately it became an integral part of his constitution and was ready when necessity called it and called him.

There was a certain intellectual alertness about Mr. Dixon, an adaptability, a readiness to apply his mind quickly to any

new topic, a mental resonance which responded promptly to a deft touch, which made him a charming hearer as he sat in the pew, and a more charming talker when it came to tolerance with other people's views. While he looked upon Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world and his own, he did not believe that ignorance was the mother of devotion. Inspired dullness was never a part of his creed. And while it was a creed marked by personal experience and by emotional power he always held that Christianity appeals to reason.

If ever there was in a huge body a great, gentle heart, it was Arthur Dixon. And keep this in mind: His heart power — it was that that made his life worth while, and that causes him to be held here to-day in such honor.

There are lives, you know, of which we cannot say as much. If a man lives a number of years and then leaves nothing good behind him, nothing that blesses while he passes and stays to bless when he is gone, enriching the world and beautifying the world and sustaining the world, really has it been worth while?

Whatever adds to the world's brightness and joy is worth while. One who plants a flower in a bare place, as he did every week that he lived, is a public benefactor. One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened boy, as he did; one who gives a look of love or sympathy to a lonely one, as he so often did; one who speaks a sentence which may become strength, confidence, and comfort to another, as scores down at Old Clark Street will tell you he did— that is something worth while.

And I say to you very frankly that the tribute we bring today is just this that occurred here at eleven o'clock today. Children passed by this casket, children of Old Clark Street, and methinks that as they passed, the children of fifty years followed, and as they passed by they offered this tribute: "Kind heart."

The world, the business world, the Chicago world today stands uncovered and tremblingly says "Strong heart." The church he

loved and served, the church whose altars sanctified his gifts and many times comforted his chastened soul; the church whose vows he kept, whose Bible he loved and taught, whose sacraments he treasured to the hallowing of his entire household—this church today weeps its tribute: "True heart."

The home, this home—and I wonder, people, if you understand what that word means within these walls. I have thought that if some super-vandal should come along to-day and attempt to destroy that word, there is a wife and mother upstairs who would hurry forward to cover it with flowers. There are five girls who would step forward and protect it with their pearls and precious stones. There are six stalwart lads who would come and hide it deep beneath the autumn leaves. And when that enemy, the super-enemy of the home, had haunted this life from Bethlehem to Egypt, this word would flash from among the gems and toss from among the leaves and breathe from the garlands of flowers as tender and true and beautiful and resonant as before. That is what the word "Home" means underneath this roof. And Home today steps softly to this casket and whispers, "Fond heart." And that kind heart, strong heart, true heart, and fond heart, all make up the universal tribute of "Great heart."

Now, may I say that the great asset of this man's life, to me, was his character. He was not ostentatious of goodness. He had nothing to cover up, and hence he put on nothing.

He did not pretend. No man can ever say that Arthur Dixon pretended. If, as some people say, the question today is "to be or to seem to be," Mr. Dixon was not of this day. The question with him was to be, and always to be, and all the way through to be.

I do not know how it is with you people, but I make a broad distinction between reputation and character. Reputation is what men think you are; character is what God knows you are. Reputation is seeming, and character is being. Reputation is manufactured, bronzed and brazed and hammered and polished;

character is a growth. Reputation comes from the outside; character rises up from within. Reputation is what you have when you come into a town like Chicago; character is what you have when you go out. Reputation is what men say about you on your tombstone; character is what the angels say about you before the throne of God. Reputation is the basis of the physical judgment of men; character is the basis of the eternal judgment of God. And Mr. Dixon would have nothing to do with a reputation that was not rooted back deep in character. And that is what tolls the bells today in a thousand homes in Chicago. That is what will hang his pictures on our walls. That is what will make his name honored in the years to come. That is what will make his grave out at Rosehill a mightier power than that of many living people—his character. Each of us has a two-fold immortality. One we carry with us to the presence of God; the other we leave behind us in the presence of men.

Every hillock that lifts itself above the surface of the sod speaks to someone who knew him alive. There is an eloquence that is not the eloquence of pulpit or rostrum or court to persuade, but an eloquence more personal, more penetrating, more powerful, more dominant, and that is the eloquence of the life that he lived.

Arthur Dixon is dead. We no longer see him in our streets. We listen in vain for the sound of a voice that is still. But he lives in the most eloquent chapters of Chicago's history, and in the warmest recollections of the age that closed his life. He is felt as well recollected in the life of this community.

His life still runs in the channels of this city's well-being. His name is plowed deep in the history of the church he loved and that loved him. His high sense of duty, his untiring loyalty, his unaffected profession, his fine self-control and temperance in living, his moderation yet forcefulness of speech, we recall but to emulate. About this man there was nothing vulgar or commonplace; he was vigorous and strenuous and tenacious,

but he had a delicately balanced soul and a finely strung nature.

He loved the nation. Her great men were his friends. Her wards were his concern. When her defense called him he unsheathed the sword. When her walls were in the building he was there with the trowel.

He loved his home. So often he said to me, "The home is the nursery of the nation." And in building a nursery I knew as few knew how he loved the sentiment. He loved the church and the Bible and immortality.

Men and women, my remarks are not fulsome. My estimate of this man's virtues is not new. Long before I ever thought on these things his neighbors and his fellow citizens represented here today proved the truth of them by honoring him again and again, by trusting him in great purposes and in crucial times. And it is far from his due that mention should be made in these humble words, of so prominent a citizen, neighbor, husband, churchman, and friend.

I stand here at this hour to commend to you the hope and the faith he had in Jesus Christ, his Saviour and the Saviour of all men who shall trust in Him. This day and this moment I would throw open on all sides the doors; doors of consolation, doors of hope, doors of resurrection, doors of reunion, for his bereaved wife, for his weeping daughters, for his six sturdy sons who go bending under their burden to-day to the tomb; for Old Clark Street, who stood with him for fifty years in the front-line trenches fighting the foe; for this city which he pioneered to greatness; for the children of the poor whose hearts bear his name; and for the Kingdom of God which stands and watches today his wondrous sunset here and the wondrous sunrise there.

I have read that there are twelve gates into Heaven. I do not know through which one of them Mr. Dixon entered, when he ascended two days ago, but I have it in mind that if there

was one of them heavier with pearl than another and more ponderous with gold hinges than another, and with a greater triumphal arch than another and with chariots of swifter wheels and snowier courses than another, it was that one through which Arthur Dixon passed into the skies.

I have never been to India, but if ever I go there I purpose finding my way to that wondrous tomb called the Taj Mahal. You know the Shah Jehan was a great builder, and in the cities of Delhi and Agra he had some wondrous structures. At Agra he had a beautiful garden, and oftentimes in the cool of the day he would take his favorite wife, Mumtazi Mahal, and arm in arm they would walk back and forth in the shade along the paths and by the river. One evening he told her that he was going to build for her a palace there such as the world had never seen. For the eighth time she went down to the dark waters of motherhood to snatch a babe into life, but she came not back herself; and then he, broken-hearted, said that Mumtazi Mahal shall have the palace, though it be her tomb. Twenty years were spent in the building, and sixty millions of treasure were spent, and thousands of skilled workmen were employed, until at last it stood complete. And a friend of mine, walking through there, said that he noticed these words carved on the sarcophagus, at the dictation of the Shah: "To the memory of an undying love."

Speaking these words out loud, that word "love" went up to the dome, two hundred and fifty feet high, and the voice, poised for an instant, goes reverberating back and forth, up and down, again and again, until it sang itself all through his soul.

And I say to you men and women to-day, that as I stand by this casket, it is an expression of the soul within, is it not, "To the memory of an undying love."

Until we meet again, farewell, Great Heart! Thou wert very pleasant to me. I throw you a kiss of brotherly affection.

Hymn

"Rock of Ages," . . . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

Address

By the Rev. Dr. William Macafee, Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church

Never does one feel the poverty of words as on an occasion like the present. It would be difficult for anyone to speak adequately of a man like Arthur Dixon in the various relations that he sustained to the life around him, as business man, as citizen, as husband, as father, as friend, as member of the church and devoted follower of his Lord and Master. But after all, that is as unnecessary as it is impossible. It is not the poor word that we may speak at a time like this that values much, but it is the life itself as it was "known and read of all men."

Such a man as Arthur Dixon, "being dead, still speaketh." "He rests from his labors, but his works do follow him." And the fragrant memory of that great and beautiful life shall abide when all the words that we may speak to-day shall have been utterly forgotten.

We find it very difficult to realize that Mr. Dixon is gone. There were so many things that he was waiting to see done. He was concerned with so many things, was so bound up with the progress and activities of his time. And he had not let go of anything. He had not withdrawn from business, and, so far as I know, he had not withdrawn from any of the great responsibilities that he had been bearing for so many years. It just seemed unnatural and seemed impossible that this fine life should come to its close for many days to come. And when we came to realize that he was indeed gone, all that we could say was, "Well, God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and God's ways are not our ways."

But, after all, it was, no doubt, his own wish that he should die with the harness on. And as it was, like God's servant of old, he died "full of years and of honors."

At another time and place men shall speak of Mr. Dixon in business and public life. But I feel that my duty to-day is to select a few items relating to that part of his life with which I was most closely associated, his church and religious life.

Two or three years ago, the editor of one of our church papers —The Central Christian Advocate—wrote me asking me to furnish him some facts for an article on Mr. Dixon's life, especially in relation to his wonderful Sunday School class, which the editor himself had visited a few days before. In that article, speaking of the church and Sunday School, these words occur: "It is in the Men's Bible Class, however, that the chief interest centers. Mr. Arthur Dixon, head of the Arthur Dixon Transfer Company, has been teacher of this class for over fifty years. The former pupils of this teacher are scattered all over the world. In every state in the Union can be found men who will tell you of the great influence for good that this Sunday School class has exerted on their lives. Hundreds will verify the words recently written by one of these former pupils to this effect: 'It was the genial personality and kindly Christian character of Mr. Dixon that helped me more than all things else when I was entering my young manhood.' Some, not a few of the best known business men of Chicago have graduated from this class. And the good work still goes on." (This was written, you know, two years ago.) "Mr. Dixon, though now entirely blind, will be found in his place at the class every Sunday except in case of severe illness, and sometimes there will be as many as one hundred men in attendance, some from Chicago, but many from places thousands of miles distant."

This was Mr. Dixon's great and chief work in the church. But in another respect he was hardly less useful: in his long presidency of the Board of Trustees of the Old Church, which has done so much for the denominational work in Chicago and Cook County for so many years. In these years thousands upon thousands of dollars have been contributed by the mother church for the erection

and repair and support of other Methodist churches throughout all this territory.

Broad, catholic, generous man as he was, he was interested in every good movement of his time, and he gave of his thought and his prayer and his time and his money without stint to all that merited support. But it was an instinct of true wisdom, as I believe, that led him to give his chief thought and care to this same First Methodist Church, and especially her strategically important Sunday School; a school that has carried the Bible and the gospel to hundreds of homes, mostly in that greatly neglected district immediately north of the river; homes that perhaps would never have heard the gospel but for her ministry.

Mr. Dixon was an ideal parishioner, always kind, always sympathetic, always appreciative, always helpful by word and by deed; ever ready to see the better and more hopeful side of things. He was a great friend of the preacher, of all the preachers, especially those sent to his own church. His loss to the preachers of that church will simply be immeasurable and irreparable.

In everything he was so optimistic, so modern, so young in spirit, so keenly alive to the ongoings of things and the meanings of things. He kept "the dew of his youth" to the very last. Time wrote no wrinkle on his heart, on his soul, on his spirit. No part of his nature was fossilized. He was a living and growing man, and like the great oak, he added a new circle to his girth every year. He had proper veneration for the old paths and the old ways, to be sure, but he had a ready welcome and generous hospitality for everything new that was good.

He was a splendid example of a man who greatly succeeded in business life, and was deeply interested in the public affairs of his time, but whose heart to the last was as sweet and fresh and tender and loving as when the struggle of life began.

One of his great wishes was to see a fine new building at the corner where the old church now stands; to see there a church

with all the equipment and appointment necessary for doing such a work as needs to be done in that center of this great city of Chicago. In the providence of God the realization of that wish has been denied him, but his going admonishes us that someone else must now take up the mantle that has fallen from his shoulders, and pray for a double portion of his spirit, so that the great work may be carried forward until the wish and the dream become a reality.

No account of Mr. Dixon's life would be complete—and the family must bear with me for one brief minute at this point—no account would be complete that did not take note of the great joy he had in rearing this splendid family of men and women in the heart of our great city, every one of whom is an honor to his name. How blest was he in the companionship of this noble and devoted wife, who contributed so very greatly to the success and happiness of his life, and who, in his later years of failing sight, brightened every step of the way by her unwearying vigil of attention and care. And the love and the veneration which the children have shown for the father have been something beautiful and admirable beyond compare.

His death was such as might be expected from such a life. No struggle, no shrinking, no fear, perfect calmness, composure and trust. He seemed like one about to take a journey to some pleasant place only a few miles away. Calmly, beautifully unmurmuringly as a wave dies along the shore, as a leaf falls to the bosom of its mother earth in the Autumn time, as the sun sinks to his couch of crimson and gold when the day is over—so this honored servant of God passed to his home out yonder, "beyond the light of setting suns."

"So fades a Summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

In the forenoon of the day he passed away, his son, Mr. George W. Dixon made this remark to me: "If there were nothing else in all the world to show the value of a good life, a death like that of my father would surely do it. I could think of nothing but one of the old patriarchs. It was like Joshua saying: 'Behold this day I go the way of all the earth,' or like the other Patriarch, leaning upon the top of his staff, and pronouncing his blessing on each of the children."

And how perfectly true the remark was!

There are many other things I would like to say, but time will not permit. In a few moments we shall bear him away, in all human love and tenderness, to the quiet place, out yonder, where, in the springtime, the grass shall grow, and the flowers shall bloom, and the birds shall sing, and we shall wait for the new day whose sun shall go down no more forever.

Hymn

"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," . . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

Dr. Macafee: Our resident Bishop—Bishop Thomas Nicholson was at Atlantic City attending one of the most important meetings of the Board of Bishops for the year, when he received the telegram asking if he could attend the funeral. Under the circumstances his presence here to-day is indicative of the very high esteem in which he held Mr. Dixon. Bishop Nicholson will now speak to us.

Address

By Bishop Thomas Nicholson, LL. D.

I left the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Bishops in session at Atlantic City, N. J., that I might come to pay my tribute of respect to this honored servant of the Church, of the city, of the state, and of the nation. By unanimous rising vote the Board of Bishops asked me to convey to the family the sense

of the high appreciation in which Arthur Dixon was held by the bishops and by the whole Church. They regarded him as one of our most distinguished and useful laymen. In addition to that, the five bishops who have, in recent years, been identified with the Rock River Conference, in which Chicago is situated, sent the following telegram to the family:

Hon. George W. Dixon,
Chicago, Ill.

Accept assurance of sincerest sympathy in your great loss. Your dear father's death brings real personal grief to us all. Please give our love to all your family. God bless you.

Wm. F. McDowell
Frank M. Bristol
Wm. A. Quayle
Wm. O. Shepard
Chas. B. Mitchell

For fifty years Arthur Dixon was an outstanding man for Christianity and for the Methodist Episcopal Church. As a trustee of our oldest and most historic Chicago Church, as a member of various boards, such as the City Missionary Society, the Wesley Hospital, and many others, he rendered service of the very highest value. He was interested in every activity of the Church and his loss will be felt by everything in which the Christian Church in Chicago is interested.

But Mr. Dixon is entitled to recognition for many other reasons. As a man and a citizen he commanded our unstinted admiration. He began an obscure citizen, in a humble business, in a small way. By unparalleled energy, business tact and executive ability, and by all the qualities which make a business man of the highest rank, he enlarged and dignified that business, until it became one of the most commanding industrial interests of the greatest industrial city of the American continent. That of itself entitles a man to recognition.

But while he was doing that he made an uncommon record as a man of the home—as a husband and a father. He nobly reared fourteen children, and eleven of them are in places of conspicuous trust, responsibility, and honor in our city today. Bishop Wm. A. Quayle, who always sees things with a poet's eye, leaned over in the bishops' room just after I made the announcement of Mr. Dixon's death, and said: "He was a remarkable man. His was the finest specimen of a perfect Irish face I ever saw. His face and figure were remarkable." And another said, "He was one of the noblest and most perfect examples of a true father in a home I have ever known." Your speaker has verified these utterances for himself. For he has observed how, even in their maturity and after they had established their own homes and were surrounded by their own families, these children sought the fellowship, the advice, the counsel, and the companionship of this father, as a boy in his early teens might seek the counsel of a loved mother or a trusted father. That is a great asset of a Church and of a city in these times when, in so many quarters, the power and influence of the home seem to be declining.

Then Mr. Dixon rendered notable service to the city. When I was a young preacher in this city, more than thirty years ago, Arthur Dixon was an Alderman in the City Council. He came from the First Ward where there were stories of graft and malfeasance. But if there was ever any aspersion on his administration I never heard it. He was known as "the watch-dog of the treasury." So far as my knowledge has gone he was a man whose integrity and righteousness were never challenged. He was tenacious of his own opinions and policies; he was strenuous; but he was a man of righteousness who helped to build the city and who helped to exalt the city in righteousness. The same was true of the service which he rendered in the Legislature. This entitles him to the recognition you are according him here today.

Some years ago the people undertook to build, by popular subscription, a great monument to General Ulysses S. Grant on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson River in New York. I was one of the speakers at a meeting in the western town where I was then a college professor; and the burden of my mission was a plea for that town's share of the popular subscription which was to furnish the million dollars for the monument. A cynic said, as I entered the building where I was to speak: "You are going to plead with these poor people, more than a thousand miles from New York, for a monument they will never see! What foolishness! How can you justify it? You will never get it." I replied, "Come in and hear my reasons." And I told those people that General Grant would never ask such recognition; that he would have been the last man to ask anything for himself; and that he would have served just as loyally had he never expected any recognition. But this was a test of a nation's appreciation. And I said to those people that in my judgment the nation which did not appreciate the great service of a man like General Grant sufficiently to build a monument to him by popular subscription was not worthy of him, and that the nation which failed in such appreciations would not long have spirit enough, and enough of patriotic life to furnish similar leaders for the generations to come. I reminded them of the story of the old gentleman who was going through the art galleries in Florence, Italy, and who said to the verger in charge of the gallery, "Are these the great pictures they advertise so widely?" "Yes," said the verger. "Well," said the man, "I am disappointed. I do not think these amount to much." And the verger curtly replied, "Sir, these pictures are not on trial, but the spectators are." So the nation was on trial in its appreciations; and so, when a man like Arthur Dixon dies, the city is on trial for its appreciations of genuine worth and power. And it gives me new hope, new faith and new courage to work in the city when I see

these one hundred prominent citizens coming here this afternoon to act as honorary pall bearers at his funeral. When I see this marvelous floral display, with offerings from employees, from societies, from individuals and from various sources, I need say nothing more. This vast throng of people, under these circumstances, is the best evidence on the one hand of the appreciation of the worth of this great man, and on the other hand of the soundness of the heart of the city which thus recognizes such solid worth.

But what shall I say to these sorrowing friends, this heart-broken wife and mother who feels that she can hardly exist with him gone, these sorrowing sons and daughters, grandchildren and friends? Is there any word of comfort for them? Yea, verily. They mourn not as those who are without hope. He can not return to them, but they shall go to him. He has passed within the vale. He has been transformed by the strange alchemy of the power of God, until it doth not yet appear what he is or what he shall be. We are familiar with the illustration of the caterpillar which, ugly, crawling thing, is transformed into a chrysalis and then into a butterfly. The little child beholds the gaudy butterfly breasting the air and rising toward the sun. It could hardly realize that it had been developed out of that forbidding-looking, crawling caterpillar. But not only has it been turned into a thing of beauty, capable of flight, but naturalists will tell you that when it was in the caterpillar stage it had a single organ of vision with a single lens. When it had reached the butterfly stage that single organ of vision had been transformed into a compound-faceted eye with more than twenty thousand lenses—a perfectly marvelous development of power and of vision. So I think of Mr. Dixon. With his fifty years of noble Christian living back of him, now in the company of his father, God, and of His son, Jesus Christ, being transformed from glory unto glory, until what he will become is to what he was, noble as it was, as the twenty thousand lenses were to the

one lens of the developing organism. And his friends, if they are faithful, will see him and will meet him again.

The great chemist, Faraday, was presented with a beautiful silver cup, which he prized highly. One day a careless servant knocked the cup off a shelf and into a vat of acid. Before the assistant could pull it out it had disappeared, dissolved in the acid which ate it up most speedily. The assistant was in consternation. There was nothing for him to do but to tell Faraday. The great chemist seemed unconcerned, however, and ordered the assistant to bring another chemical. He threw it into the vat and it precipitated the silver. The mass was drawn out, turned over to the silversmith, and in a little while the cup was restored, more beautiful, more wonderful, more modern than before. And so this noble soul has not gone out of existence. He has simply been handed over to the Divine Hand to be restored and to be fashioned more beautiful, more wonderful than before. And these friends who look longingly after him shall see him again. Jesus, risen from the dead, is the type. When He came back to His disciples, He had preserved His individuality, He had preserved His identity, He had taken on a power of inconceivable swiftness and of great glorification. But He was Jesus still. And so this wife and these children have the opportunity to see Father Dixon, to greet him, to commune with him, as the disciples communed with the risen Christ, and yet to recognize the vaster, nobler, more developed, more glorified manhood. What a comfort! What a prospect! What a hope!

> "I know not where the islands lift their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care."

These friends will not drift beyond the Father's love and care. Arthur Dixon has not drifted out of His sight, out of His care, out of His fellowship. Tomorrow they will all join, an unbroken company, in the Father's house, if their faith, like Father Dixon's,

is fixed in Christ and their lives made beautiful and glorified, as was his, by the transforming power of divine grace.

Hymn

"Nearer My God To Thee," . . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

Dr. Macafee: As indicative of the largeness of the esteem in which Mr. Dixon was held, going out beyond denominational bounds, we find we have with us this afternoon a Bishop of another denomination, Bishop Samuel Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who will offer the closing prayer and pronounce the benediction.

Prayer

By the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows.

Let us pray. O Thou Giver of all good, we devoutly thank Thee for this gentle, chivalrous, triumphant soldier of the Cross, of the country he loved, and of the humanity which he taught. We thank Thee that he was enabled to fight the good fight of faith and as our great father who led so many of us in the onward and upward path. We thank Thee that that heart still beats with sympathy and love for the world he has left. We thank Thee that he has been called to the higher service of the Captain of his salvation who wields today a sword above in the Heavens, a sword of righteousness, of justice, of truth, of equity, of eternal power. And by Thy grace we shall meet him again. The old voice will sound once more, and around this great heart our arms shall again be thrown. Blessed be Thy name for the revelation of immortality, brought to us only out of the glorious fulness in the life and death and resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ our Lord. Now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen.

SERVICE AT THE CEMETERY

After the service the funeral cortège proceeded to Rosehill Cemetery, the six devoted sons serving as active pallbearers.

It was a notable funeral procession—a long line of automobiles in which, besides the relatives and immediate friends, were hundreds of Chicago's prominent men and women, paying their last tribute of respect to one whom they had known so long. There was one equipage, however, which drew more attention than all the rest. It was the cab in which Arthur Dixon used to ride about the city, drawn by the same horse—the only horse in the procession. This equipage was given the place of honor on that day, following immediately after the hearse.

Strangers gazed and wondered, for they did not understand. But those who had known Arthur Dixon smiled tearfully as they watched the familiar equipage bump along with the smoothly-running motor cars. It did not go all the way—it was too long a journey for the faithful horse. As the procession turned into Randolph street, the horse and cab were forced to fall out of line and were driven home.

The following order of service was observed at the cemetery:

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN

"Gone to Our Heavenly Home," . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

READING OF THE BURIAL SERVICE FROM THE RITUAL

Bishop Thomas Nicholson
The Rev. Dr. J. P. Brushingham
The Rev. Dr. William Macafee

HYMN

"Nearer My God to Thee," . . . . *The Lexington Quartette*

BRIEF PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

Bishop Thomas Nicholson

Pallbearers

ACTIVE

Arthur A. Dixon
George W. Dixon
Thomas J. Dixon
William W. Dixon
Homer L. Dixon
Alan C. Dixon

HONORARY

Hon. Frank O. Lowden
Edward B. Butler
Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus
F. B. Bowes
F. C. Batchelder
Bishop Wm. A. Quayle
Ferdinand W. Peck
Geo. R. Peck
E. S. Gilmore
Dr. Ernest W. Oneal
John S. Field
Dr. John Thompson
Bishop W. F. McDowell
Bishop Wm. O. Shepard
N. F. Thompson
H. R. McCullough
Hon. L. Y. Sherman
Jas. B. Forgan
Dr. C. M. Stuart
John S. Miller
Hon. Jesse Holdom
A. J. Earling
H. H. Hitchcock
John C. Shaffer
Dr. Wm. Macafee
W. J. Jackson
H. G. Kelley
Hon. Chas. S. Deneen
Perley Lowe
E. R. Litsinger
Bishop Frank M. Bristol
John J. Mitchell
Jos. E. Otis
A. H. Revell
Gen. C. G. Dawes
Bishop Chas. B. Mitchell
Bishop Thos. Nicholson
J. E. Dalrymple
H. A. Goodrich
H. N. Higinbotham
Dr. J. Wesley Hill
Harry Hart
E. T. Jeffery
M. H. Lane
Dr. L. F. Lesemann
R. H. Aishton
Hon. Jesse Baldwin
Hon. Marcus Kavanagh
Dr. E. R. Zaring
Wm. F. Burrows
John Benham
L. A. Goddard
F. Zimmerman
Hon. John Barton Payne
Dr. J. P. Brushingham
John M. Glenn
Hon. Richard Yates
Bishop Samuel Fallows
Hon. Martin B. Madden
Wm. Fuller
Hon. R. S. Tuthill
Dr. J. Ladd Thomas
S. M. Felton
B. A. Eckhart
Dr. J. L. Walker
Hon. Elbridge Hanecy
Hon. Kickham Scanlan
Hon. E. F. Dunne
T. W. Robinson
E. P. Ripley
A. W. Harris
F. G. Logan
Fred W. Upham
Daniel Willard
Roy O. West
Stanley Woodworth
W. T. Abbott
Frank Morse
Benjamin Cahn
Davis C. Alton
M. A. Allen
J. R. Miller
H. A. Stillwell
Wm. T. Smith
L. G. Curtis
O. A. Constans
Henry W. Ackhoff
A. B. Atwater
W. R. Mumford
B. N. Austin
James Clare
J. Shelly Meyer
James Walsh
E. M. Skinner
Col. H. O. S. Heistand
C. B. Beach
E. S. Shepherd
R. Floyd Clinch
W. B. Martin
E. L. Wagner
S. E. Bliss
Arthur S. Carson
H. H. Merrick
O. W. Johnson
Jas. E. MacMurray
Henry Bothwell
W. H. Wilson
C. B. Scoville
Harry G. Wilson
C. T. Boal
John T. Stockton
E. R. Newman
John Johnston
John D. Shoop

PALLBEARERS—*Continued*

HONORARY

A. M. Johnson
Wm. R. Dawes
E. J. Stevens
George P. Miller
John W. Mariner
F. J. Thielbar
C. W. Woolford
Jas. S. Harvey
W. E. Faithorn
N. M. Jones
P. J. O'Keefe
J. W. O'Leary
Burton F. Peek
W. N. Pelouze
W. A. Peterson
Fred Pabst
Fred A. Rowe
A. R. Barnes
E. C. Simmons
Frank Safford
H. R. Scott
J. R. Schofield
W. L. Templeton
Henry S. Towle
Lucius Teter
Geo. Bass
H. J. Evans
E. Allen Frost
U. E. Gillen
C. Gallagher
Simon P. Gary
L. R. Skinner
Nelson Lampert
Harry L. Laing
C. A. McCulloch
Z. G. Simmons
Samuel Green
Frank W. Geary
Frank B. Giles
M. J. Collins
R. C. Griffith
H. G. Hetzler
Wm. C. Boyden
Robert L. Burnap
Chauncey Keep
L. E. Larsen
Wm. Lees
Hon. F. P. Brady

The Hamilton Club, of which Mr. Dixon was at one time president, was represented at the funeral by the following, appointed by the president, Mr. Frederick A. Rowe:

W. B. Austin
John H. Batten
George T. Buckingham
O. G. Cameron
John C. Christman
Elliott Durand
Marquis Eaton
W. L. Eaton
Dr. Griffith D. Evans
William R. T. Ewen
Dr. Arthur J. Francis
Guy Guernsey
Wirt E. Humphrey
George R. Jenkins
Henry L. Hertz
George W. Miller
Edwin A. Munger
Emil C. Wetten
Fred L. Rossback
Robert S. Iles
Robert McMurdy
Paul Mandeville
A. N. Marquis
Frank I. Moulton
Foster S. Nims
LaVerne W. Noyes
Charles J. O'Connor
John T. Richards
J. C. F. Royer
Charles E. Shearman
L. K. Torbet
Harry V. Wood
Edgar Bancroft
Frederick A. Smith
James J. Sheridan
Thomas D. Knight
George S. Ballard
Henry R. Rathbone

MEMORIAL SERVICE

for

ARTHUR DIXON

held in the

First Methodist Episcopal Church
in Chicago, Illinois

on

Sunday, November 18, 1917

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Arthur Dixon
at the age of forty-two

MEMORIAL SERVICE

for

ARTHUR DIXON

At the urgent request of a great number of the citizens of Chicago and of more than a score of the societies and organizations with which Mr. Dixon had been identified, a Memorial Service was held on Sunday, November 18, 1917, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the deceased had been a member for more than fifty years.

The church was crowded. It was the most distinguished and the most broadly representative gathering ever assembled within the walls of the historic church—a church that has maintained itself in the heart of Chicago since before the time the city had a charter. Among the speakers were distinguished jurists, railroad presidents, prominent business men, ministers of the Gospel, representatives of clubs and corporations, and heads of civic, social, and benevolent organizations. One speaker came all the way from Montreal, Canada, to offer his word of testimony to the worth and the greatness of the man who had been his lifelong friend. The audience was composed of all classes of people, from the poorest of the poor (whose friend and benefactor Mr. Dixon had been) to the wealthiest and most cultivated of the city. There were Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, and those of no particular religious affiliation, but all animated by one common thought—that of doing honor to the memory of the great citizen who had "served his generation" with such signal fidelity.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more impressive service as speaker after speaker emphasized the value of true Christian

character as exemplified in the life of the man who had so recently passed to his heavenly reward. As one said, "It was better than a thousand sermons." One of the intensely interesting moments was when the children in the galleries, in an interval between two addresses, and without seeming notification from the presiding officer, broke out into Mr. Dixon's favorite hymn, "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there."

Many most touching letters and telegrams of sympathy had been received, not only from the city but from all parts of the country; for Mr. Dixon was known from one end of the land to the other. The former pupils of the famous Sunday School class, which he taught for more than fifty years, are to be found in every State in the Union. Resolutions of sympathy were presented from more than a score of organizations. The floral offerings, completely filling the chancel and the front part of the church, were most beautiful, and bore eloquent testimony to the wide-spread esteem in which Mr. Dixon was held. One design that attracted much attention was from Mr. H. N. Higinbotham. It was in the form of a harp, and bore this inscription: "In loving memory of Arthur Dixon—a manly man, a good citizen, a true friend, a kind neighbor, a Christian gentleman. He rests in peace."

The Rev. Dr. William Macafee, Pastor of the Church, presided. The opening prayer was by The Rev. Dr. Joseph L. Walker. The closing prayer and benediction were by Bishop Thomas Nicholson. The music was furnished by the First Church Quartette:

Mrs. Faye W. Gettrust, *Soprano.*
Mrs. Jessie K. Read, *Alto.*
Mr. Benjamin Bridge, *Tenor.*
Mr. W. O. Smith, *Basso.*
Miss Elizabeth Burton, *Organist.*

Dr. Macafee explained the reasons for the Memorial Service, as stated above, and the following order of exercises was observed:

HYMN

"Rock of Ages," . . . *The First Church Quartette*

PRAYER BY THE REV. DR. JOSEPH L. WALKER

O Lord, our God and our Father, we come into thy presence at this hour to worship Thee. We give thanks unto Thee. We adore and we praise Thee for Thy infinite goodness to us. We thank thee, O Lord, that Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Thou art our father's God. Thou art our God, and we know that in all the changes of time Thou dost appear as the one in whom we may trust. And we thank Thee for this beautiful assurance, written in our hearts today, that Thou art, O blessed Jesus, the Rock of Ages in whom we may find refuge.

We pray, therefore, as we come into this service to-day that there may appear to us the divine meaning of this truth, and that we may find that refuge today; that amid all the conditions of our lives Thou art able to help us, even unto the uttermost, and to save us from our sins, and to make our hearts better, and to keep us in all things we do, and strengthen us that we may serve and honor Thee.

We pray, our Father, that Thou wilt help us especially as we come in commemoration of one whom we have loved and honored. We thank Thee for his life, for the influence of that spirit upon us; for the way in which Thou didst keep him through the years, for the strength Thou didst vouchsafe to him. We thank Thee for the witness that he constantly bore to Thee, O blessed Lord, and for the faithfulness with which he rendered his service in the name

of Jesus Christ; for his influence among his fellow men in this church, in his home, in business throughout all this city.

Our Father, we pray that Thou wilt strengthen us in our purposes to-day to do those things which please Thee; and even as our brother followed Christ, do Thou help us to follow Christ, that we may join "all the Saints who from their labors rest, whom Thou, by faith before the world, confessed."

Wilt Thou grant that we may enter into this same holy fellowship. We pray O Lord, that Thou wilt give us the soldier spirit today; that Thou wilt enable us to be truly heroic and loyal and devoted. May there be no question about our service; and whatever our place of work may be, may we so fulfill that not only will all things work together for our good, but others will be greatly blessed and drawn to Thee.

So we come to pray that Thou wilt not only help us as individuals, but help us in our collective capacities. We pray for those who have in loving home association been connected with this man of God. Do Thou specially sustain her who has been his helpmeet through these years; and these sons and daughters O God, once again we commend to Thee. We pray that the father's love may be a continual benediction, as we know it will, and that into their hearts there may come a great hope and joy as they think not only of the past but of that future which is sure to them through Jesus Christ.

And do Thou abundantly bless this church. We cannot but think of the multitude of lives that have passed through its influence all during the years our brother has been serving, not only with us here, but those in many distant places who are remembering this life.

And, Our Father, we ask that Thou wouldst strengthen those who are now carrying on the work, and may the purpose of God in this place be fulfilled. May this church continue to be a light in this city, a place in which inspiration shall be found for the doing of Thy will.

We ask favor for our city O God, and we pray for Thy blessing upon those who are in our midst, and who represent these large interests here today. Let Thy spirit come upon us all, and do Thou help us as Thou didst the man of God of whom we are thinking, to follow and to serve Thee in all these occupations.

We pray for the coming of Thy Kingdom throughout the nation and the world, O Thou God of battles, Thou who dost sit upon the throne, Thou who dost sustain those who praise Thee, Thou whose right hand is still strong and must win, to Thee be the victory, may Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth.

And so may Thy spirit so strengthen us, and give grace to those who are associated with us, and not only those of us here but throughout the whole nation and the world, may all who love truth and righteousness be bound together. And we pray that the cause of righteousness may prevail.

Especially we commend to Thee our own nation, O God, and we commend to Thee the great cause for which we are now fighting, and may the time come when the nations shall be drawn together in peace, and shall be seeking the one great end which shall mean the exaltation of Christ and the coming of His Kingdom.

Bless us all through the service. Bless those who speak to us, and as our thoughts turn towards him whom we have loved, help us to renew our consecration and lift up our hearts to Thee that we may go forth in steadfastness and hope, and that we may come with him to the great crowning in Heaven. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory forever. Amen.

ADDRESS BY DR. JOHN THOMPSON

Secretary of the Chicago Home Missionary and Church Extension Society

We are met here to-day in honor of this good man, and to extol his many virtues. If I had the time, I would rather like to dwell upon Mr. Dixon not so much as he was, but as he is.

Arthur Dixon, with his constructive mind, helping in the home, helping to teach in the Mission, working in the State and from the City Hall, building a great business, helping to build this church and project its influence through the years—Arthur Dixon, tingling with life for eighty years, is still alive. Death did not snuff him out. Alive in the Heavens, alive in the Father's House, he will still be interested in things that go on here, and in the movements of this world, for to him this was God's world; and this is a redeemed world.

I can never think of a scientist who has made a great contribution to knowledge, whether in astronomy or in bringing to our knowledge the marvels of the kingdom beneath our feet or in the realm above or anywhere else—I cannot think of him without believing that he is interested still in his discovery. I cannot think of an inventor who has made an addition or contribution to the world forgetting his great invention. The man who gave us the common match, the man who gave us photography, or any of the other marvels of invention, they will not forget these inventions over there; they will still be watching us here.

In a word this man, who for more than a half century has been pouring the best of his thought, the best of his heart love, the best of his spirit life into the work of this Sunday School here, will watch over the field of endeavor here and will help to make the workers more fitted for the Lord's work.

He poured his life out upon this earth into the lives of thousands of boys and girls, as they went through this Sunday School year after year. Arthur Dixon will never forget this corner. Memory is on her throne still, and when the Sunday School is opened here

week after week in the coming months, Arthur Dixon over there will be remembering the Sunday School here; still interested with his larger life and finer motives and broader outlook and steadier perception, Arthur Dixon will still watch what is going on in the city; will care for that big business, and will have his big heart brooding over this church and this body of Trustees, and the Sunday School here that meets from week to week.

And I think of Arthur Dixon as still thinking of his home life, with memory on her throne. He cannot forget the wife, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, the bearer of his name, the mother of his children, who leaned upon his arm for all the years. He will not forget these fine boys and gracious daughters. Life is immortal, and love abides, and he loves them more tenderly and loves them more sweetly and loves them more graciously to-day than he ever did.

So I like to think of Arthur Dixon this morning, not so much as he was, and not so much as he has been, but Arthur Dixon as he is, in the finer activities, in the nobler spheres of the larger life over there.

I am going in a moment to a great home-coming in Grace Church, an old church he was very much interested in. And I have been thinking this morning that as they gather there and fill the old building, that will be very much like a home-coming bye and bye. We shall not be strangers over there. Jesus the Lord is preparing a place, and as Arthur Dixon helped him to prepare a place here and to make the old world better, I like to think of him as sharing with the Lord in preparing a place over there. And when we get there, we will not be lonesome. He will be among the great hosts and will bid us welcome.

Farewell, noble husband; farewell brave servant of God; farewell city builder; farewell business magnate. It was a noble record that he has made, a useful life that he has lived, a fine service that he has rendered; a true furrow that he has plowed.

Farewell. In the morning when the shadows fly away, then we will meet thee in the land where summer lingers and winter never comes; in the land where day abides and night never steps in; in the land where heartaches are unknown, and tears are never shed; in the abode of the palace of God, Heaven's own sunny land.

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN C. SHAFFER

Editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*

"I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then."

I should like to have been with Peter the Great of Russia when he made his tour into the western world to learn what he could of western civilization in order that he might advance the interest of his own people.

I should like to have been with Caesar when he made his excursion into the North country.

I should like to have been with Napoleon when he crossed the Alps and marched into sunny Italy.

I should like to have been with Washington at Yorktown; with Grant at Appomatox and with Joffre at Paris.

It's an easy matter to follow and to fight valiantly and loyally in the presence of a great leader, but our friend, Mr. Arthur Dixon, could not see with the natural eye his great leader but with the eye of faith He was ever present with him; his inspiration and his monitor and guide. He was loyal to Him in the sunshine and in the storm and he followed the example—"He went about doing good."

The greatest test of one's character is not what the general public may think or say about him but what his own immediate family understands him to be. There is in everyone's life, when

he enters the sphere of business or society, a reserve and caution that saves him from showing the weaker element of his character. But in his own home this restriction is taken off. He feels at liberty to do as he pleases, to speak as he pleases, to act as he pleases.

The greatest memorial, therefore, that can ever be erected to the memory of our good friend, Mr. Dixon, is the love, affection and regard that his wife and children have had for him all of these years.

Love is the eternal thing of life. The marble shaft that may be placed at his tomb will crumble and fall as the years go by, but the love and affection of his wife and children will go on throughout the ages. Love never faileth; it never dies. It is the essence of God. There is no compensation in life, be it fame or riches, that will compensate for the loss of love and affection.

Our friend has come into the presence of the Great Master; he has lived an honest, earnest, sincere, true life and he is now reaping the reward of the good Christ who said—

"I go to prepare a place for you that where I am there ye may be also."

ADDRESS BY MR. HOWARD G. KELLEY

President of the Grand Trunk Railway System

I have been asked to speak just a few words of appreciation of one whom we all knew, whom we all respected, and whom we all delighted to honor.

Longfellow in ever-living words wrote: "Forty years have I labored among you and taught you, not by word alone, but by deed, to love one another." Our friend who has passed has for more than fifty years labored among you, the people of Chicago, and taught you by his example.

I wish I could express fittingly in words the real measure, the depth of the appreciation that I have felt for Mr. Arthur Dixon since I have had the great pleasure of knowing him. But the

words at my command would touch merely the outer rim of the circle.

It is given to but few men in this world to blaze the trail for others to follow. But the trail blazed by Arthur Dixon was a broad highway marked by milestones of good deeds, kindly help and high example. Who shall say that such an influence passes with the life that gave it? Rather does it not go on through the length and breadth of this great land in the hearts and minds of men and of the sons of men who sat at his feet and listened to his teachings? It was like the influence of a mother throughout a man's lifetime. Every good action he does, every pure thought he thinks, if he would just look back over the span of his life, he sees his mother at the other end.

Mr. Dixon became a director of the Grand Trunk Western Railway, which is the Western American lines of the Grand Trunk Railway System. For seventeen years, at personal inconvenience, fair weather or foul, sickness or health, he was at our board meetings. We came to look upon his wise counsel and his just view of things with great appreciation, and with a full knowledge of its helpfulness. He could not have attended throughout all those years these meetings, but for his devotion to what he thought were the duties of his responsibilities. If he accepted a responsibility, he accepted it fully and performed the duties and obligations that went with it. May we not truly say that he was one of those who not only left his footprints in the sands of time, but left an influence for good, for right thinking and for high living that will abide forever in the hearts of men?

ADDRESS BY MR. H. G. WILSON

Master of Garden City Lodge

Friends, it is not so much as the Master of Garden City Lodge, of which Arthur Dixon was a member, that I am here today,

but as an old—I consider—an old friend; as a friend of a man whom in my early days I admired, and in a quiet way, I might say, almost worshipped.

To know Arthur Dixon was to love him. After all the eulogies have been pronounced, after the last words are uttered, is it not all summed up in these simple words: To know Arthur Dixon was to love him.

It is a queer combination of circumstances which so frequently comes to our attention in this small world of ours that makes this occasion of paying a tribute to the memory of Arthur Dixon a special privilege to me. If I may be pardoned for a personal reminiscence at this time, I will state that my first acquaintance with Arthur Dixon was long ago when I was a boy of about sixteen years, and Mr. Dixon was then a member of the City Council. This big man's smile, his hearty manner, his aptitude and ready wit in debate, his whole-souled good nature, all won my boyish admiration. One memorable evening—I recall the incident as if it occurred last night—when the debate was fast and furious, and feeling was running high in the council chamber over the reorganization of that body, I heard from the adjoining room the voice of Arthur Dixon, clear and high above the tumult. I crept along the outer edge of the fourth floor of the City Hall in order that I might get as near as possible to the scenes transpiring in the council chamber. Creeping in through the window, I arrived just at the wrong time and very nearly spoiled the effect of Mr. Dixon's speech, as I tumbled over in front of him at his very feet, on the floor of the council chamber. Did I get the reprimand that I deserved? No, but with that hearty laugh, he stopped, picked me up, and after placing me in his own seat, went on with his speech. Can you imagine the effect of this little incident on that boy? The boy who theretofore had been an admirer of Mr. Dixon only from a distance, that admiration turned into love, a love and admiration that I have cherished for over thirty years.

To-day, as Master of Garden City Lodge No. 141, A. F. & A. M., of which Arthur Dixon was a member, it is my portion to say a word in appreciation of the life of this man.

In his Masonic life, Arthur Dixon was the same big man, that true soldier of the Cross that he was in his church, in his social, his political, and his business life. Many and famous are the anecdotes and stories in which he is the central figure, all pithy and brimming over with good-natured humor; possibly with a little sarcasm, but never with anything that left a sting or an unpleasant taste. He was a real optimist, a dispenser of good cheer.

Arthur Dixon has answered the call of the Grand Warden of Heaven. May his soul bloom in perpetual springtime. He was our brother. With him we have walked in the pilgrimage of life, and kept ward and watch together in its vicissitudes and trials. We remember him in scenes to which the world was not a witness, where the better feelings of humanity were exhibited without disguise. May his virtues linger in our memories, and in the sincerity of our hearts may we accord to his memory the commendation of having lived a useful and exemplary life, and as a just and upright Mason.

To the family of Arthur Dixon, what grander heritage could be left than the memory that lives in the minds of untold numbers.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE MARCUS A. KAVANAGH

It is a matter of great pleasure and honor to be able to assist at this service in this historical church. The barriers between the creeds will always remain, but the barriers are growing lower every day, so that the good men and the good women of every creed may now stretch their hands across the barriers and shake hands with those of their fellows.

There is a providence, I think, even where we least dream of it. For example, if you come to consider the history of this country, and who was chosen to settle it? Looking all over the world, and the nations of the world, there is only one little spot in the north of England with its settlement in Holland where men were fitted for the task of the settlement and the foundation of this great nation. They had been schooled by adversity into industry, they had been trained by persecution into love for freedom, they had been educated by friendlessness into sole reliance upon God. Through more than a generation they had been thus schooled and trained for their tremendous pioneer task.

We find that same providence even in the settlement of cities. Chicago is only fifty years old, New York is three hundred years old, London is a thousand years old, Paris is a thousand years old; and the men who built Chicago are just passing away. What a wonderful band of men they were! Arthur Dixon was of them; among the bravest, the truest, the staunchest, the kindest.

The funeral service at Mr. Dixon's home was a most remarkable thing, the most remarkable funeral I ever saw. It typified all the avenues of his industry, his ability and his far-reaching goodness. It evidenced the great esteem which his far-reaching influences had created.

Gathered within the walls of his house to do homage to his memory were women and men in the highest financial and social ranks of life, touching elbows with them were the poor, the very poor. Standing on the sidewalk next to me was one man whom I had sentenced to prison: The criminal was there, the good man was there, and all stirred with one strong feeling or desire, to pay their tribute of love and veneration to this man who was gone, who was alike their very brother. One of them told me the impulse that brought her there. It was the story of the builders, of the day when this man was a builder; a story of one night of terror and of death and desolation. We are talking

about the war these days. We are talking about courage and all that goes with it. We admire the man with the flags flying above him and the bayonets glistening and his comrades cheering at his side as he goes into danger. But there is a finer courage than that. Sometimes men and women have a fight, alone between the four bare walls of their own room, battling it out alone in suffering and anxiety and misery. There is another kind of courage too, and that is the kind that Arthur Dixon had, the courage of the born hero, and this woman told me of those nights of terror, of days and nights of the Chicago Fire, when the people of this city, the merchants of this city, and the great men who built this city stood above the smoke and the ashes of their fortunes. She whispered to me before his inviting home how through the darkness and misery and suffering of that awful time, the voice of Arthur Dixon had rung like a trumpet, his was the rallying cry. Why, he was the boat in the middle of the furious ocean to which the shipwrecked people clung, he was a light-house on the tempest lashed rocks.

He was not rich himself in those days. His fortune had been in the building, and he saw it all at once flash out in ashes and smoke. He was not thinking of himself then nor of his own family alone, because the city was his family, and everybody who needed help or succor was his own relative. And he was the greatest among them all in these days, the most self-sacrificing and the bravest. And that was typical of his whole life.

The first time I saw Arthur Dixon, I thought he was the handsomest man I ever saw. It was at a public meeting, he was in the ripeness of his manhood then. In evening clothes, he walked upon the stage of the meeting and towered above everybody like a king; so gallant, so proud, yet so knightly; he moved like a king through the crowd. No one could help seeing him. His soul looked out in the character and beauty of his face. That is the way he moved through the world all his life long.

I happened to be, in the Spanish-American war, a colonel of one of the regiments. Just before we went away there was a lawyer who invited me over to his house. He was a widower, his wife was dead about two years; left him a household of children. This man had the reputation of being a very cold, hard, unyielding man, but as he passed over the threshhold, his character changed. His children were there, and this hard, cold, great man, who had a mind like lightning for serious things, didn't have a right that his children were bound to respect. They pulled him into a chair, they fought for a chance to get on his shoulders, struggled for a chance to kiss him, the man's character completely changed. I said to him: Why, Judge, this is a revelation to me; I hadn't any idea you could be so relenting. And then he turned and said the greatest thing I had ever heard in all my life. He said a thing so powerful that it has changed my attitude toward life and toward my fellow men; and when spoken then, it seemed so near the surface, as all great things when first heard seem, that I thought I must have said it myself some time but of course I had not. The words burst like one of these bombs ships throw out at night upon the waters. He said to me: Colonel, I have found in my children the reason why God made the world. It was to give Himself the infinite joy of Infinite Fatherhood.

That is a great idea! The king on the throne, the beggar at his gate, the scholar in his study, the savage in the jungle, and you and I are just brothers and sisters. And with what a pitying smile, a saddened smile, our Father in Heaven must look down when a man like Arthur Dixon goes to his reward! With what a saddened smile he must look down upon the poor fragile barriers that sometimes make us hate one another, and sometimes make us doubt and suspect one another. It was to give himself the infinite joy of fatherhood that God made the world. And he rewarded Arthur Dixon in a way greater than

which no man can be rewarded. He rewarded him in his fatherhood with such splendid fatherhood, with such magnificent children.

The life of Arthur Dixon was successful in every way. From a humble beginning, like all great Americans, he fought his way upwards to wealth, station and power; but even at this moment when we would in tenderness give all the tributes friendship can find a true place for on his coffin, let us not forget to be just. All the credit was not his. He himself would most joyfully assure us it was not all due to him. Holmes says that often we see some stately ship with gallant sails spread, sailing proudly down the bay to its secure harbor. Then we bestow all our admiration on its strength, its beauty, its achievement. But hidden from our eyes by the great ship's bulk, straining and pulling, pants a little, strong-hearted tug that guides and holds on its way the majestic vessel. So with many successful men whom the world acclaims; a strong souled little woman, hidden from the world, strains and pulls and agonizes to help him on his way. No man ever was better helped by a wife than was Arthur Dixon by the splendid mother of his children. Her heart is in the coffin with him today but every rose we put upon his bier must also rest above her breast.

Somewhere, they say, the sky is filled with countless dead worlds that have performed their mission and are now ashes. And they flung their light abroad and their light has traveled through thousands and thousands and thousands of years, after the worlds, these far off worlds, were dead. Even now their radiance is reaching the earth and illuminating dark places and bringing comfort to worlds newly born. So with men. Long after we are gone, the good we have done, the light our lives have shed travels on and on and on. So the light of this splendid life will travel on, not only here in the work that was done in a public way, but in his children and his children's children.

God had to try him, and he tried him bitterly towards the last. He tried him with that awful blindness; those bright, great, brave, friendly eyes grew dim. He could not see any more the places and the faces he loved. God tried him hard, but how bravely the man rose to meet the trial! The affliction touched his heart, not smitingly but gently—"as the harper lays his open palms upon the strings to soften their vibration." Thus his life has gone out from us. In all this city we who least suspect it in a thousand ways are better for him! And we are braver to know that there is a place for him and a place for us; for poor and for millionaires. A haven that holds—and grace and peace to him of whom no greater or better thing could be said, or truer thing could be said than that he was a protector of the friendless and the weak.

SONG

"Crossing the Bar," . . . . *The First Church Quartette*

ADDRESS BY MR. HORACE A. GOODRICH

Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago

For more than half a century I have known Arthur Dixon, and as my intimate friend for the last thirty-five years. He was a man remarkably loyal to his friends. His personality left its impress on his associates. He was a man of affairs, and by his strength of character and intense industry made for himself a permanent position both in the political and business world, as well as in the church and in charitable institutions. He became a member of the First Methodist Church in Chicago in 1862, and in January, 1878, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees, succeeding in 1890 to the Presidency of said Board, which position he held at the time of his death. As a member of the church

he organized and taught, even after his loss of sight, the largest Sunday School class the church ever possessed, and the success of his administration was evidenced by numerous men introducing themselves to him in public places with the remark: I was a member of your Sunday School class long years ago. He was a man of very decided views, yet remarkably susceptible to appeals for assistance, especially from the down-and-outs, for whom he usually carried a collection of silver coins.

He loved children, and the Sunday School excursions in the summer and sleigh rides in the winter were always financed by Brother Dixon. As a member of the Board of Directors, he was a regular attendant and gave his best efforts and judgment to the distribution of the funds controlled by said Board. As President of the Board, his long experience in the Council of the City of Chicago rendered him specially skilful, while his strong sense of justice and ripe judgment made his administration remarkably efficient and satisfactory to his co-workers.

His death creates a vacancy in the First Methodist Church and in the hearts of its people which it will be very difficult to fill.

On behalf of the Board of Directors of the Church, I present the following:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF CHICAGO

WHEREAS, in the order of Divine Providence, our esteemed associate, Arthur Dixon, has been called to his reward;

RESOLVED, That in the death of Arthur Dixon, not only the First Methodist Church, but Methodism in general has lost a noble champion and a consistent Christian who had the courage of his convictions and discharged the various duties incumbent upon him as member and President of this Board of Trustees with marked fidelity and ability; and

RESOLVED, That each and every member of this Board of Trustees mourns the loss of a personal friend, a beloved comrade and a zealous

and efficient co-worker, and we extend to the bereaved family of Mr. Dixon our sincere sympathy and an expression of our appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the Church and this Board for so many years by Brother Dixon. His genial personality and intense and unswerving interest in all things concerning the Old First Church have left so strong an impress that neither he nor his works will soon be forgotten.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be spread upon the records of the Board of Trustees of the First M. E. Church of Chicago, and a copy sent to the family of Arthur Dixon.

John Johnston
Davis C. Alton
Mortimer A. Allen
Horace A. Goodrich
James S. Harvey
Wm. T. Smith
Simon P. Gary
Trustees.

TRIBUTE FROM THE TRUSTEES OF WESLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Read by Mr. Perley Lowe, President of Wesley Memorial Hospital

In the passing of this distinguished citizen, Wesley Memorial Hospital sustains an inexpressible loss.

Arthur Dixon was a man who thought beyond the immediate demands of the hour. He took an active and deep interest in the civic plans of this city, from the close of the civil war to the period where he saw Chicago rise to the second place of importance in the land of his adoption.

He counted paramount the Methodist Episcopal Church and her varied endeavors for the promotion of the Kingdom.

His devotion to the welfare and progress of Wesley Memorial Hospital was evidenced in his unwavering interest and support of the institution from the very beginning of its history to the day of his death. Therefore, the Trustees of Wesley Memorial Hospital hereby desire to record their profoundest sorrow in the departure of this wise counsellor, faithful friend, and beloved brother: to

assure Mrs. Dixon and the sons and daughters of this noble husband and devoted father of that faith which has crowned him with immortality and that hope which reaches into the life where the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

TRIBUTE FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Read by Mr. C. L. Blodgett, Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School

To no other organization in this city and to no other persons outside the immediate family does the death of Mr. Dixon mean so much as it does to the members of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, for he was truly, as the motto on the little floral tribute sent to his funeral expressed it, "The beloved father of this school." He loved it and wrought for it and prayed for it and made the promotion of its interests one of the chief aims of his religious life as it was one of the greatest sources of his joy.

The relations between Mr. Dixon and this Sunday School have been altogether unusual. The affection and the veneration in which he was held by every member of the school have been something that is seldom paralleled. His death has been to us as the loss of a very dear personal friend, and to many hardly less than the loss of a father of their own flesh. Therefore the committee of the First Methodist Sunday School desires, in however inadequate a way, to express to Mrs. Dixon and the other members of the family our high appreciation of all those kindly deeds, and of all those noble and beautiful qualities that so greatly endeared him to us all; and of the measureless service he has rendered to our school for so great a period of years.

We desire to convey to Mrs. Dixon and the family our expression of sympathy in their sorrow and great loss, and yet we would join with them in the comfort of the fact that what is sorrow and

loss to them is to him unspeakable gain, for he has now actualized the hymn we so often used to sing—"When the Roll is Called up Yonder, I'll be There."

C. L. Blodgett
Hiram P. Rountree
Fannie M. Johnston
Dan Batey
Mamie L. Hansen
Committee.

TRIBUTE FROM THE DAN BATEY RESCUE MISSION

Read by the Rev. Dan Batey

We, the undersigned members of the Brotherhood of the Dan Batey Rescue Mission who were once down and out, but are now twice born men, wish to place on record our tribute of affection and esteem to the memory of Father Dixon, our friend, counsellor and benefactor, who played the part of the good samaritan and made it possible, during his lifetime, to keep open the doors of the Mission that the hungry might be fed, the naked clothed, the friendless sheltered and the wolf kept away from the doors of the widows and orphans, carrying out the Savior's command: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He loved to help others because it was his nature. He was always happy when making others happy, by little acts of kindness. He was a boon companion and while in his large Bible class, he allowed no humor to escape him, he abounded in wise proverbs, in stories and in fables. He possessed all the characteristics of the statesman and reasoned out each proposition that came before him in his Bible class with a singleness of purpose and desire to know the right. He was honest both with himself and others and counselled us to be true, to be open, to be genuine, to be sincere and to aim at nothing less than the perfect manhood of Jesus Christ. His life was one long

journey upward without a halt or backward step and therefore has left as an example to all, that priceless heritage which money cannot buy—"a name without a stain, a reputation without a blemish"—for the sorrowing multitudes both rich and poor who attended the funeral testified as no language can to the character of Father Dixon.

His broad smile and cheerful face, shedding its radiance on all around him, we miss, and thus we feel the loss which is heaven's gain. Of all the great men who have played the part of the good samaritan, we have never known another like Father Dixon. Our one prayer is that we may learn to live "for others" as he did so that when the roll is called up yonder we may be as ready and willing to answer to our name, as he was to his.

William Crilan	F. M. Sharp
Fred Smith	Chas. R. Bulger
Jno. B. Orison	Charles D. Mullin
F. W. Otto	Edwin Griffith
Geo. Jones	Edward Long
Christ Jensen	Thomas Babcock
Richard Scott	Gus Mills
W. J. Allen	Fred Metford
J. Ryan	R. C. Kemmer
J. Wise	Michael Byrnes
J. M. Bran	F. E. Hamilton

Dan Batey

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CHICAGO METHODIST SOCIAL UNION

Read by Mr. James E. MacMurray

Whereas, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed friend and brother

ARTHUR DIXON

And Whereas, This Union has lost an honored and respected member, and Methodism a faithful and untiring worker, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we extend to the bereaved family and friends our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of deep sorrow, and direct them to Him who does all things well; be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Union and a copy of same be presented to the family of our deceased brother.

JAMES E. MACMURRAY, *President.*

W. F. WIENECKE, *Secretary.*

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN D. SHOOP

Superintendent of Public Schools, Chicago

I am certain that the exercises of the morning are an education to every one who has listened to the words of testimony offered by the friends of our distinguished and departed citizen, Arthur Dixon. The thought that came to me as I heard these words of evidence of the love and respect of his companions is this—I wish that every boy and girl in this city might be present to know something of the appreciation of the value of a life that has been devoted to the interests and the service of the people. I regret this morning that a copy of the resolutions that were adopted by the Board of Directors of the Association of Commerce is not at command; but those resolutions were born out of earnest thought and out of a sincere and conscientious purpose of every member of the Board of Directors. Of this Board, the son of Mr. Dixon is a valuable member, and we availed ourselves of this opportunity to send to him and to the bereaved family an expression of the feelings of the Association of Commerce in the loss of our distinguished citizen.

Mr. Dixon was a friend to our public school system. He believed in the thought and in the idea that we are now propagating as a missionary work of this great republic that the only hope for a democracy lies in a high standard of intelligence of the masses. His devotion to that which is right is manifest in

his walks of life, and he was a man who believed in his city, in his country, and in the mission of the great nation of which he was proud to be a citizen.

I do not know the secret of life. I do not know the mysterious process by which we distill from life's experiences the elixir that is the drink of the gods. But I believe that when it shall manifest itself to the ken of man it will be expressed in terms of human service and individual sacrifice. The measure of a man's value to society is determined, not alone by that which he contributes to the world in a material way—for monuments of marble or brick or stone will yield to the onset of the elements and to the destructive attacks of the iron tooth of time—but that which a man implants in the soil of character of those whose lives he may touch, that spiritual contribution which he gives to uphold the standard of that which is best in human thought, will multiply itself in the decades and the centuries that are to follow. So may your life and mine, my friends, be so ordered that we shall not fear or falter when in turn we shall be ushered into the presence of that great tribunal, into whose sacred precincts no error can come, before that righteous Judge whose all-seeing eye penetrates into the most hidden recesses of the human soul, and whose all-hearing ear detects the most silent whisperings of the human heart, even before the tongue hath given them utterance.

While in the presence of the venerable Senator Depew, a short time ago, he related to a few of us in conversation an incident that occurred out in the western mining country. It seems that among a body of miners that had assembled in that region an incurable disease had found its way, and it became necessary to isolate that portion of the camp that was so afflicted and permit no communication with those who were so unfortunately stricken. There happened to be among the group, a physician, who chose to separate himself from the camp and join those who had been

stricken with the terrible disease. He went out and lived in the isolated spot with them, fell victim to the disease, lay down, and died. And those rough but loyal miners excavated a grave in the sand and placed his body there. Afterwards they brought a boulder and placed it at the head of this roughly made grave, and, taking a piece of chalk or charcoal, they inscribed on that rough headstone these words: "Dr. Charles Brown. Office, Upstairs."

Today, as we review the virtues of the one in whose honor and in whose memory we meet, let us remember that while the vacant chair is here, the occupant has been merely translated to the world above.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CARTAGE EXCHANGE OF CHICAGO

Read by Mr. John T. Stockton

At a special meeting of the Cartage Exchange, held October 26, 1917, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Officers and Executive Committee of the Cartage Exchange of Chicago, assembled at a special meeting on Friday, October 26th, 1917, to pay our tribute of respect as an association and as individuals to the memory of the Honorable Arthur Dixon, and to extend to his family and relatives our sympathy in their bereavement; therefore, be it,

RESOLVED, That the Executive Committee and Officers of the Cartage Exchange of Chicago for and on behalf of the members thereof, hereby express to the family and relatives of the deceased, Honorable Arthur Dixon, our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further,

RESOLVED, That the members of the Cartage Exchange of Chicago realize that through the death of the Honorable Arthur Dixon, they have lost a loyal member, a faithful friend, and one who has always been an efficient and tireless worker in the interests which he represented; and be it further,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Cartage Exchange of Chicago, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the Honorable Arthur Dixon.

P. J. Finnegan	J. J. O'Heron
Frank B. Giles	A. S. Benson
E. E. Walsh	J. C. Zipprich
John P. Lynch	J. Broderick
S. T. Clark	John J. Cushing
J. T. Counsell	J. D. Schaffer

ADDRESS BY MR. ALEXANDER H. REVELL

It is quite true, as stated by Dr. Macafee, that I have known Arthur Dixon more than fifty years. I knew him when I was a little boy attending public school and running around in the streets down town. I was born on Van Buren Street close to where he lived, not far from the present Board of Trade.

Among those of my earliest friends, there is none save the members of my own family that I remember as far back as I do Arthur Dixon. Ever since I knew him, he has had something I would that more of the people in our land might have in them. It was a real measure of kindliness; a disposition toward helpfulness that was ever present. It always seemed to me as unusual in a world where many people, to say the least, are thinking so much of their own personal interest and advancement.

Arthur Dixon always had his hand extended—not to receive, but to give. As a boy, and on into manhood, I have studied the man probably more than any one else in this hall this morning. Therefore, I well understand why you men, women, and children are present, and why all these resolutions are presented by representatives of large organizations.

It is to spread the word of approval in memory of that life we learned to know and to love, so full of faithfulness, and of a type

of character that meant so much for this church and Sunday School, and for the City of Chicago.

I did not intend to make any personal remarks. I came here merely to do the bidding of the Board of Directors of the Central Trust Company, in presenting our resolutions, but may I conclude these remarks with some personal reminiscences?

You have heard here this morning many beautiful generalities, all true and applicable to his life. I would like to give those of you who have not known him so long, just one or two actualities that will bring you more specifically into the life and character of the man, Arthur Dixon, from his earlier years until the day of his death.

I was probably seven or eight years old when I first met him, and was one of the first members of his Sunday School class.

When about the age of twelve years, the great Chicago fire occurred. As already stated, our home was quite near his. His home, all his interests aside from his family, and the home of our family were destroyed, as well as those of other families that we knew all through this section of the city. My mother was ill. We had all we could do to save her. The fire swept away everything our family had, and I think all that Arthur Dixon had. You can imagine then what a man had to contend with, having such a kindly disposition as Arthur Dixon. The people knew him; he had been helping hundreds, if not thousands, and nearly all these people rushed to have Arthur Dixon help them again. Such is the constant liability of the kind-hearted. And did he fail them? Not at all. He had a horse and buggy at that time, in which he went about attending to his business. He went here and there and all over the City of Chicago, finding positions for men, and through the relief agencies, finding food for others—clothing for many, and almost forgetting his own interests and even his own family, to serve those of his friends and others who needed help. Sometimes the relief agencies could not act quickly, so he would give immediate assistance himself.

Just one more specific example, and I am through. I dislike saying these things, in a way, because they are so personal. Sometimes, however, out of these personal realities, one can get more than one may out of a thousand generalities. The memory of the friend that is no more, deserves this acknowledgment.

I went on and got into business. I did fairly well for a boy. You know what young fellows are when they get into business and happen to, or think they are doing well. They spread out a little too fast. I got into just such a place. I needed a sum of money very quickly, not a small sum, but an amount running into tens of thousands of dollars, and I had to have it. Where would I go? My own folk were not in position to help. I went to him. I said: "Mr. Dixon, I dislike to come to you with this hard luck story, but I am going to tell it to you. I want twenty thousand dollars. I have not got it. I thought I would come to you and then go to Hiram Thompson." Hiram Thompson was then Superintendent of the Sunday School here on this very floor.

He listened to my story. Ah! how much that meant to me, even if he could do no more.

"Well," he said: "Alex, you can go to Hiram Thompson, if you wish; probably it would be well to do so, and if Hiram wants to help a part, all right, but whether he does or not, just put it down as safe. I will help you for the whole amount," and he did.

Let me be correct, however, and say that I went to Hiram Thompson. That fine man, long since passed away, immediately said he would go in for half. Wasn't I fortunate in being in touch with and having such men know me?

This, then, is an illustration, my good friends, of the type of man Arthur Dixon was. It was not only the spiritual in his life; it was not only the word of advice, which sometimes costs so little; it was the willingness to bring to others that tangible something that gives until it hurts.

My friends, that friendship between Arthur Dixon and myself, went on to the day of his death. It was a friendship that meant much to me.

Above all other things that Arthur Dixon stood for, I think that his half century of enduring friendship for this church, for this Sunday School, for his class, his consistent Christianity, his faithfulness, his steadfastness all through life—these grouped into a composite, is the finest monument that could be erected to the honor and to the memory of Arthur Dixon.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF ILLINOIS

Read by Mr. Alexander H. Revell

At a meeting held November 27, 1917, by the Board of Directors of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, the following sentiment was adopted:

Once more the Board of Directors of the Central Trust Company of Illinois mourn the loss of one of its members. In the passing of Arthur Dixon we have lost an associate of the highest character, a friend of unusual worth.

Generally, men who are very well-to-do, so far as worldly wealth is concerned, are not endowed with the power, unconscious to themselves, of inspiring affection in the hearts of all who know them. We shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say that Arthur Dixon was beloved by all who came in contact with his rare humanity, his unfailing kindliness, his solicitude and devotion to those dear to him, and to any others who had his confidence.

It was impossible to know him even slightly and not feel respect and appreciation for his personality, so strikingly simple and refreshing in the world of sordid things. Combining good sense, good citizenship, with individual pride and self-respect, these were synonymous with the name—Arthur Dixon.

All his life he has been a source of help and advice for thousands of men and women, especially the young seeking a start in life. He was

never looking for the worst in others—always for the best—and he drew from them in return the best that was in them to give.

Born abroad, he was a true friend of Chicago, the city of his adoption, which he always termed his own. Since his boyhood he had his tasks, and he stood to them nobly. When the long rest came, it found him in the bosom of the family he loved, into whose existence, progress, and happiness, Arthur Dixon poured so much of his own strong life.

We tender to the family our sincere sympathy. In their hours of bereavement it will be their consolation that his passing leaves in his career nothing that was unfinished, but instead the record of a complete and noble life. Of such a man we are proud to say once more—he was our friend.

His whole Christian life, complete in the fullness of years, ladened with good deeds, may well serve as a model for a younger generation to look upon with reverence and respect.

"And thus he bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

Albert J. Earling	R. Floyd Clinch
Alexander H. Revell	Wm. C. Boyden
Samuel M. Felton	C. B. Scoville
T. W. Robinson	A. R. Barnes
Chandler B. Beach	Henry J. Evans
Z. G. Simmons	A. M. Johnson
Howard G. Hetzler	John Barton Payne
Walter H. Wilson	S. E. Bliss
Joseph E. Otis	Landon C. Rose
Burton F. Peek	Charles G. Dawes
Ernest J. Stevens	*Directors*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE COLONIAL LAND COMPANY

Read by Mr. Roy O. West

The Board of Directors of the Colonial Land Company having notice of the death of Mr. Arthur Dixon, a Director of the Company, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, For more than one-half century, Arthur Dixon was an honored and potent factor in developing and establishing the matchless

city of Chicago and her continent-wide industries; and during that extended and crystallizing period of American middle west history, he was a powerful and beneficient force in our religious, educational, charitable and home life, and

WHEREAS, For more than a decade—since the Company's organization and until his death—he served as President of the Colonial Land Company, and during his official term he conducted the business of his office with the same industry, the same poise, the same consideration and the same integrity, which characterized him at all times, and

WHEREAS, On the twenty-sixth day of October in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, at Chicago, while in his old-time rugged and alert mind, at the venerable age of eighty years, with calm and devoted faith he departed this life,—

RESOLVED, By the Board of Directors of the Colonial Land Company, in special meeting convened at the Company's offices, in the city of Chicago, on the thirtieth day of October aforesaid, upon motion duly seconded, that something of the large sorrow and sympathy of said Board and each Director be and is hereby expressed and placed upon record in the minutes of the proceedings of said Colonial Land Company's Board of Directors; and

RESOLVED, That a transcript of this resolution be transmitted to the bereaved family.

ALBERT G. MANG, *Secretary.* ROY O. WEST, *President.*

SONG BY THE CHILDREN

"When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

Sung by the children in the galleries, led by Mrs. R. G. Hoeft and Mrs. O. H. Bochman.

ADDRESS BY BISHOP THOMAS NICHOLSON

"Life is measured by the number of
things to which a man is alive."

Judged by this standard Arthur Dixon was a great man. Witness the extent and variety of the interests represented in

this remarkable service of tribute. Here is his church, which was one of his first interests and in which, for more than a half century, he was unusually active. No interest of hers failed of his active co-operation and sympathetic attention. Here are the representatives of great commercial enterprises, of railroads and transportation companies, of banks and warehouses, and of other vast commercial enterprises. Here are the representatives of the judiciary and of the city council; of state and of civic interests. Here are representatives of rescue missions, of hospitals and of orphanages; and thus on and on. What a live man Arthur Dixon was, and what a significant life was his, judged by the number of things to which he was alive.

He who is really advancing in life is he whose heart is growing softer, whose blood is growing warmer, whose brain is becoming quicker, whose spirit is entering into a constantly growing and abiding peace. By all these standards Arthur Dixon advanced into a very large life. Many men are mere warehouses, full of merchandise. The head and the heart are stuffed with goods; that is all. There are apartments in their souls which were tenanted by taste, and love, and joy, and worship; but they are all deserted now. The rooms are filled with earthly and material things; the life has narrowed; the spirit of largeness and beauty has been quenched. But it was not so with Arthur Dixon. The spirit of worship was alive in him to the end of his days. Here is his church. Here is his Sunday School class. Here are religious organizations testifying to that fact. The spirit of fraternity was abiding in him. Here are his fraternity brothers in large numbers, testifying to that. And yonder is his vacant chair, with his family about it. And to the end of his days he was the king and the patriarch in his household, beloved of his children and impressing them with his sense of love and of family devotion.

And he impressed the men with whom he came in contact and the boards on which he served. There is a painting on the walls

of the Roman Senate which represents old Appius Claudius appearing before the Senate in a national crisis. He had been the Roman Censor, then he had been twice Consul, then he had been elected Dictator. He had built the Appian Way and the famous Roman Aqueducts. He was a very wise man. Pyrrhus was almost at the gates of Rome. He was demanding the surrender of the Eternal City. The Senate was about to conclude an ignominious peace. The representative of Pyrrhus was in the Senate chamber waiting for the answer. They sent for Appius Claudius. He was eighty years of age; old, blind and feeble. He was led into the Senate. He heard the case. The old Roman was stirred within him. He pointed his finger at the Greek ambassador and said, "Go tell your master Rome never treats with a victorious enemy. Get you gone!" And the ambassador returned to Pyrrhus and said: "We can do nothing. That is a senate of kings." And so, my friends, I have seen Arthur Dixon, old, blind, leaning on the arm of his son, or on his cane, led into boards of which he had long been a member and gatherings in which he was a conspicuous figure. Men of the first importance in this city would rise, while he was seated, and listen intently to what he counselled. He was in a real sense our Appius Claudius.

No matter how good the walls and the materials of a building may be—if the foundation be not strong the building will not stand. In time it will sink and cracks will appear. So, unless there is sound character the years will show the seams. I was very much impressed with my visits to the cathedrals of the old world. They have stood from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. St. Peter's itself was three hundred years in building. I was accompanied through the Glasgow cathedral by an expert member of the firm of J. R. Lamb & Co., the art-glass makers. He told me that each of those columns represented the life-work of an artist and pointed out to me, as evidence of the thoroughness of the work, that all the rosettes were carved on the under

side, in the out-of-sight places, as beautifully as on the other side. It was genuine work of artists who loved perfection. And so this great man laid firm the foundations of his character in morals and in religion. I knew him in a general way and knew about him for thirty years. I have been closely in contact with him only since coming to my present official position in Chicago. I am very careful about my utterances. I have always thought that a minister should not belie his prophetic utterances by undeserved praise or by insincere statements on such occasions as this. I therefore quietly asked one of the most prominent men in the political life of this city, then one of the foremost business men of the city, then one of the most outstanding professional men of the city, "Did you know Arthur Dixon? May I speak of him without reserve? Was he genuine? Did his business deals in any way belie his Christian profession?" Every man of them said, "He was a true man. You may speak without reserve. There is nothing to conceal. He was one of our great men."

"His voice is silent in your council halls
Forever, and whatever tempests lower
Forever silent; even if they broke
In thunder silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you and the man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
Through neither babbling world of high or low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Whose eighty winters froze with one rebuke."

Yes, my friends, his was

"High nature, amorous of the good,
But touched with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Through all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,—
But not the schoolboy heat—
The blind hysterics of the Celt;
And manhood fused with female grace;
In such a sort the child would twine
A trustful hand unasked in thine
And find his comfort in thy face:
All these have been and these mine eyes
Have looked on."

But I must not continue. What shall I say to his family and to his friends? He is not dead. He yet speaketh.

"There is no fireside, however watched and tended,
But one dead friend is there;
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seems to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heavens distant lamps.

"There is no Death: What seems so is transition;
The life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

"Day after day we think what he is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year his sturdy steps pursuing
Behold him grown more fair.

"We will be patient and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

His reward is on high. This gathering today is one of the most remarkable I have ever seen. It is remarkable in its personnel. It is remarkable in the extent and variety of its tributes.

But it is most remarkable in the evidenced sincerity of what the men are saying. When have you before seen the presidents of railroads, judges of our civil courts, business men of largest interest, and men of the first rank in professional life, speaking with tear-bedimmed eyes and with such manifest depth of feeling and sincerity as we have seen here this morning? Character such as that to which tribute is paid here is immortal. This man was a religious man. He loved God. He worshipped Him. He believed in the resurrection. He lived in the light of its truth. He embodied in his own character that Christian love which is the inspiration of the largest Christian brotherhood. He belonged to the mortals; but he belonged to the immortals, too; and that is the word of comfort I bring to his family. They shall see him again, hard by the throne of God.

TRIBUTE FROM ORIENTAL CONSISTORY

Read by Mr. John Johnston

Dear Sir and Friend:

I regret exceedingly that I cannot be present at the memorial service held in honor of the late Arthur Dixon.

Oriental Consistory has ever considered it an honor to have his name on its roll. The useful and honorable life he has led is, I am sure, a source of gratification to those who survive him.

For many years he has well and faithfully served this community and in the end has fallen like a ripe shock of grain and been gathered into God's great garner of eternal rest.

Will you be good enough to convey to the loved ones who mourn his loss the sincere sympathy of Oriental Consistory? May God give them strength to bear their great loss.

Very sincerely yours,

G. W. McFatrich,
Commander-in-Chief.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE LOCAL FREIGHT AGENTS' ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO

Read by Mr. Nelson W. Pierce

At a regular meeting of this association held November 15, 1917, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Understanding of God enabled our friend and brother Mr. Arthur Dixon, to enjoy ten years in excess of the usual time allotted man; and

WHEREAS, Fifty-four years of his life was devoted to service which brought him in close touch with our association and its workings; and

WHEREAS, During these years existing relations have at all times been most pleasant and harmonious; and

WHEREAS, We feel that in the demonstration of life by our brother we have been brought in closer touch with the things substantial; and

WHEREAS, Notwithstanding the urgent call on his time from other important affiliations he always found time to give consideration to the necessities and pleasures of the Local Freight Agent, Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That notwithstanding his death we still feel that individual presence which is made possible only by living in close communion with his Maker, and, be it further

RESOLVED, That we express gratitude for benefits received by being thrown in pleasant business and social intercourse with him for so many years, and, be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy sent to the members of his family.

Yours truly,

NELSON W. PIERCE
F. C. NICHOLAS
A. J. HITT
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ILLINOIS TIMBER COMPANY

Read by Mr. A. F. Le Claire

The Board of Trustees having notice of death of Mr. Arthur Dixon, one of the Trustees of the Company, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, For more than one-half century, Arthur Dixon was an honored and potent factor in developing and establishing the matchless city of Chicago and her continent-wide industries; and during that extended and crystallizing period of American middle west history, he was a powerful and beneficial force in our religious, educational, charitable, and home life, and

WHEREAS, For more than a decade—since the Company's organization and until his death—he served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Timber Company; and during his official term he manifested the same industry, the same poise, the same consideration and the same integrity, which characterized him at all times, and

WHEREAS, On the twenty-sixth day of October in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, at Chicago, while in his old time rugged and alert mind, at the venerable age of eighty years, with calm and devoted faith he departed this life,—

RESOLVED, By the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Timber Company, in special meeting convened at the Company's offices in the city of Chicago, on the thirtieth day of October aforesaid, upon motion duly seconded, that something of the large sorrow and sympathy of said Board and each Trustee be and is hereby expressed and placed upon record in the minutes of the proceedings of said The Illinois Timber Company's Board of Trustees: and

RESOLVED, By the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Timber Company that a transcript of this resolution be transmitted to the bereaved family.

HAROLD S. COOK,
President.

A. F. LE CLAIRE,
Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS OF MEDINAH TEMPLE

Read by Mr. Frederick F. Haigh

In the spirit of loving kindness friends from every walk in life are here assembled, this Sunday morning, to pay a tribute of respect, love and sincere appreciation to the memory of a beloved friend, a sterling citizen, a Christian gentleman; a *MAN* of character and of clean repute.

For nearly half a century Arthur Dixon was affiliated with the Masonic fraternity in Chicago; he was a member of Garden City Lodge, Washington Chapter, Apollo Commandery, Oriental Consistory, and Medinah Temple, and while he took no active official part in Masonry, he was ever interested and active in all of its practical and charitable movements and was as well known and respected in Masonry as in his business, social, church and political connections. He always did his work in a modest, unostentatious, practical and efficient manner, without hope of fee or reward.

Resolved, That in the passing on of Noble Dixon, the Mystic Shrine has suffered the loss of one whose life has been an example of what that of a Noble should be and we express our sincere sympathy to his bereaved loved ones and mourn with our Masonic Fraternity and all those who live in our great city, for one who leaves so glorious a record for us to try to emulate. And we express the hope that when we receive the last call that must come to all, it may be our privilege to again meet with Noble Dixon where are the rewards that await the faithful.

MEDINAH TEMPLE A. A. O. N. M. S.
Acors W. Rathbun,
Potentate.

ATTEST:
Samuel H. Smith,
Recorder.

RESOLUTIONS OF APOLLO COMMANDERY

Read by Mr. Frederick F. Haigh

IN MEMORIAM
SIR ARTHUR DIXON

Born in Fermanagh County, Ireland, *March 27, 1837.*

Knighted in Apollo Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, stationed at Chicago, Illinois, *August 30, 1866.*

Elected a Life Member in Apollo Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, *November 15, 1887.*

Died at his home, 3131 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois, *October 26, 1917.*

At Rest. Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, Illinois, *October 28, 1917.*

Thus endeth the Record:

"There is no Death: What seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to take from our ranks one dear to our hearts, in the person of our Beloved Frater

SIR ARTHUR DIXON

Be It Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Apollo Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, stationed at Chicago, Illinois, bowing in humble submission to Divine Providence, hereby express our deep regret at the loss of so worthy a member of our organization.

And Be It Further Resolved, That we tender, and we hereby do tender, to the bereaved and mourning relatives and friends of our deceased Frater, our heartfelt sympathy; and dare to say that He, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, looks down with infinite compassion on these bereaved ones in this the hour of their great desolation and that

the same benevolent Saviour, who wept tears of sympathy over the grave at Bethany, will enfold within the arms of His love and protection, all those who put their trust and confidence in Him.

Frederick F. Haigh
Henry F. Comstock
Elton C. Armitage
Committee.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE R. S. TUTHILL

Friends: I did not come here with any expectation of saying a word, but only to show the love and appreciation I had for the great man, for he was a great man, who has gone. Those who have preceded, who have entertained us and inspired us by their words here today, have said better than I could say, it seems to me better than anyone else could, the things that are in our hearts, and in the hearts of not only the people of Chicago, but the people of this great State, of their appreciation of the character, moral and religious character of Arthur Dixon.

There is only one thought that comes to my mind that I feel it is a privilege to utter, else I should have declined saying anything. In these days when all men and women and little children are thinking of their country, of its welfare, of the great world battle for morality and humanity and democracy, which our young men are going forth to take part in fighting for, it seems to me that we could not but be impressed, those who knew Arthur Dixon best, most strongly be impressed with the thought: How true an American he was, how he loved his country, and he showed it in every act and every word of his life. How? By being true to that country and rendering it true service all his life. And where is that true service that comes to every American? It is in doing the duty which patriotism enjoins upon him at all times, in peace as well as in war. Arthur Dixon never faltered, never hesitated in doing those things which patriotism calls upon every American to do and to feel in his heart of hearts. There was never any primary too

insignificant, there never was any election in which there was too little involved for him to go out and do all that he could for good government for his country. I speak not of him as a party man. He felt that it was his duty to do his work as a citizen for his country at every time and everywhere, and he did it nobly, fearlessly.

In the old First Ward of the City of Chicago, which was a ward where work of that sort was more needed than any other almost in our great city, he took the lead. He went before the people of that ward, the poor, the ignorant, the vicious, and the good, and urged upon them their duty to civic life, their patriotic duty, and he took upon himself at great sacrifice to go as their representative. And they never failed to elect him to the great City Council of Chicago, and there he worked as a patriot for the welfare of the city and of the country.

Such a man was Arthur Dixon. What a lesson to the young men of the day. The boys of today can be broadened by thinking over the life of Arthur Dixon in this respect as well as in all these other respects. He was a patriot of the highest character. He was afraid of nothing. He took upon himself the advocacy of men and measures which might bring upon him criticism, but no man in all the political hurly-burly of the past ever suggested that Arthur Dixon was anything but a good man, a patriotic man, a man who loved and worshipped his God, who loved the Saviour, his Saviour, who taught us of our God and our Creator.

Arthur Dixon was true in every respect, but in no respect was he more true than he was in his love of country which is a most certain blessing to the people of this country.

CLOSING HYMN

"The Golden Bells," . . . . *The First Church Quartette*

BENEDICTION

By Bishop Nicholson

ADDRESS BY DR. JOHN WESLEY HILL

Chancellor of Lincoln Memoral University, delivered at the Sunday School service of the First M. E. Church, in Chicago, Illinois, on December 2, 1917

Upon reaching Chicago yesterday I was shocked at hearing of the decease of my loved and honored friend, Arthur Dixon.

His name was more completely associated in my mind with Chicago than that of any other man. It was the synonym of the strength and virility, energy and enterprise, spirit and progress of this great metropolis of the middle west.

Years before I knew him I knew of him. I had heard from the lips of his intimate friend, Bishop Fowler, of his conversion in early manhood, his struggles in the face of adversity, his loyalty to the church and every good cause, his public spirit in patriotism and civic righteousness, his sagacity and probity as a man of affairs, his devotion to American ideas and ideals, his kindness and generosity, his abhorence of sham and hypocrisy, his love of righteousness and sympathy with humanity. Later this was confirmed a thousand-fold in a personal acquaintance which ripened into a friendship which I appraised as one of the priceless treasures of my life.

During the past twenty-five years I have rarely come to Chicago without visiting with him in his office, his home or his Sunday-school class in this old historic church. Chicago will never be the same to me. One of her choicest spirits has departed and henceforth to me there will be an absentee in the circle of my friends here, a loss which brings the sense of loneliness to me at this hour.

There are a great many things that might appropriately be said upon this occasion. Only a few need be said. Character like that of our deceased friend scarcely needs a comment. It is its eulogy. It stands without taint or scar. At the shrine of his memory we render an homage inspired by love, a tribute consecrated with tears. Upon his dreamless dust we lay the symbols of our affection, flowers that are poems and prophecies.

It is difficult to analyze such a character. Reason has no plumb line with which to sound its depth.

If love may speak, I am ready. If love is genius, I claim first rank and the fact that each of us here today would enter a similar claim, reveals the fact that the honored name enshrined in our hearts is at last under the guardianship of love.

It is too soon to fully appreciate the character of such a man. We lack the distance essential to true perspective. Time is a necessary element in the analysis of character. The passing years are the solemn priests which anoint and enthrone the sons of God.

Someone has said: "About living men we have opinions; about dead men we have judgments;" but they must in very truth be dead, so dead as not to hear one word of praise, so dead that what we see is rather a spectre than a living, breathing personality.

They must be dim, far-away shadows, coming and going at midnight as at midday, occupying no space, disputing no ambitions and awakening no resentments by active rivalry, so dead that we can get credit for magnanimity in the expression of deferred gratitude, so dead that where we have begrudged bread we may at last lavish epitaphs.

Now that Arthur Dixon has disappeared from our midst, we begin to catch the outline of his oceanic soul. Death reveals to us more than it conceals. Jesus said: "It is expedient for you that I go away." That is true of every real leader. Death is the great interpreter. The body localizes, obstructs the spirit, struggling to be "swallowed up of immortality." In the flesh the soul is walled in, limited and provincial. Emancipated from mortality, its qualities, no longer blurred, shine with a radiance divine and grow in brightness with the flight of time.

Arthur Dixon was built upon a colossal scale. The scaffolding of his life was vast. He was unique, original, angular and at times abrupt. A round diamond emits no brilliancy.

He was serious-minded. Life to him was tremendous. He had no time to toy with trifles. He was better able to bend the bow of Ulysses. His was a hand for great tasks and a heart for heavy burdens. He was a forerunner, a sentinel on the picket-line of American democracy. He illustrated the possibilities of popular government. Kaiserism never produced such possibilities of individual liberty.

He came to Chicago when it was scarcely a dot on the map. Here he lived and labored, wrought and won. He carved order out of chaos, laughed poverty and hardship to scorn, and forged to the front because he was not born for the rear. His intellect was cosmopolitan, his vision boundless. He was a student of events. He transfigured the commonplace, spiritualized the secular and transformed duty into vision. Life to him was a unity. He drew no line of separation between business and religion. He joined them in holy wedlock and at that sanctified altar worshipped God "in the beauty of holiness." "He was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The head of a great business corporation, a director of railroads and banks, on easy and intimate terms with the great captains of industry, himself a financier of high rank, he never forgot his God, neglected his church, nor turned a deaf ear to the cry of human need. In him the great qualities abounded: meekness, patience, caution, courage, justice, reason, faith and piety. He was an unstarred saint, that is, a saint without a badge. The professional pietist combines phariseeism and hypocrisy, cant and cantakerousness. There was no taint of professionalism in the religious life of Arthur Dixon. It was free from pretence. His creed was reduced to an epigram, "a sinner saved by grace."

His religion was not that of gloom, nor tasks, nor morbid conscientiousness. It was not cold and repellent. It was not monasticism with the monastery left out. It was sweet, simple, magic and human. It was a garden of good cheer in which children

loved to sing and laugh and play. It was not a thing of the sky but of the soil. It did not exhaust itself in singing of the "sweet by and by," but rather in ministering to the thrilling and tremendous, here and now. He loved God the more because he loved his brother man so well. He believed that Heaven is not something remote but that its germ is here and that it enters into the heart of the Christian before the Christian enters into it. With such a faith we are not surprised at the practical exemplification of the Christian doctrine in the life of Arthur Dixon.

Gathered here in his memory we think of him as not far away. He stands before us as he was: the man whose hand never slipped from the grip of a confiding comrade, the friend who became a full partner in the sufferings of his loved ones, the exemplar of a friendship as rare as it was beautiful, its characteristic tenacity, its grip steel like, its bonds adamant, a friendship typed by the sturdy oak upon the mountain against which the storm beats in vain.

Yes, and we think of him as the devoted father and affectionate husband, his home to him the vestibule of heaven, the atmosphere in which his gentleness revealed his greatness and his hospitality, the wealth of his heart.

You ask how such a man approached his end? I answer, it was with the tread of a conqueror.

For a number of years he had been weighted down with bodily infirmities, at last deprived of physical sight. This so quickened his spiritual vision that his soul performed the function of his eyes and saw everything. He was indeed a seer, a see-er. He saw more through the darkened windows of his eyes than most of us see with the curtain lifted.

A few weeks ago while waiting in his office I heard him at the telephone. He was talking with a contractor who had just completed the painting of one of his buildings. Insisting that the work had not been well done he finally exclaimed, "I went over to

the building yesterday and *looked* at your work and found it very shabby." He did look at it. He saw from the inside out. An astronomer attempted to show a novitiate a comet which in the fraction of a second was to appear in the telescopic field. "There it is," he exclaimed, "Look, look!" "I can't see it," said the observatory visitor.

"Can't you?" was the reply of the astronomer, "I see it with my mind!"

Arthur Dixon's soul was sensitized. His perceptions were alive, his discernment clear, his intuitions well nigh infallible. His spiritual being pulsed with life.

He was delivered from the "tyranny of the instant" by his vision of the distant. He was calm and firm in the storm. He was familiar with "the still small voice." "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible" and so he was not absorbed in himself. His comfort was secondary. Seldom, if ever, did he refer to his health. Always cheerful and optimistic, unhindered by fear and unhurt by pain, he pressed forward with a somewhat headlong carriage, running the race that was set before him, facing with joy the eternal realities, not thinking of the grave as a blind alley, but as a gateway opening upon the boundless vistas of eternity.

Would that something of his vision were ours at this hour. It would dry our tears and make this service a place of rejoicing.

It is only as we look at life from his view-point that we are lifted above the storms and shocks, through which we struggle from the cradle to the grave.

Sometimes, when our friends, are taken from us, it seems as if all our lights were extinguished and we journey on forever in the gloom. I think it is, rather this: They pass out of the house; the journey for them begins and they go far out of sight, the distance ever widening, while we stay behind to see that the windows are fastened down, and that everything is in order, stop a

moment to lock the door and then we walk on after them. They seem for a moment to have disappeared to be entirely out of sight, but they are only around the corner. We will step around, pretty soon, almost immediately, and overtake them and be with them forever.

RESOLUTIONS, LETTERS
and
TELEGRAMS

RESOLUTIONS

Memorial resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of the Grand Trunk Western Railway Company upon the death of Arthur Dixon:

WHEREAS, This Board has learned with deep regret of the death of Mr. Arthur Dixon, who has been an active member of the Board for more than seventeen years; Therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of this distinguished citizen and respected member of the Board, the Company has not only sustained a great loss in its organization, but the members of the Board of Directors feel the loss of a personal friend and an associate whose wise counsel and broad views have been of the utmost assistance and help throughout these years.

He gave to the responsibilities of his duties the same earnest interest and attention that has marked his activities in all other public duties, and the Board desire by this Resolution to express and record their deep sorrow for his loss and their appreciation of his worth.

The Secretary is therefore instructed to spread this Resolution upon the minutes, and to forward to the family an engrossed copy of the same, expressing our profound sympathy and sorrow for them in their affliction.

HOWARD G. KELLEY — E. J. CHAMBERLAIN
U. E. GILLEN — S. A. MEGEATH
A. B. ATWATER — M. HENRY LANE

Directors.

Resolution adopted by the Directors of Frank Parmelee Company on the death of Arthur Dixon:

WHEREAS, Arthur Dixon, who has been a member of this Company since its organization, has been called to Eternal Rest by the divine hand of God; and

WHEREAS, We are profoundly grateful for the years of close friendship which we have enjoyed with him, during which time we were ever conscious of his noble Christian character, his high ideals of business honor, and keen sense of duty; and

WHEREAS, We deeply mourn the loss of our former associate, whose sterling qualities we admired and respected; Now therefore be it

RESOLVED, That this Company, through its Board of Directors, desiring to express its sorrow at the loss of its able and loyal associate, hereby tenders its sincere sympathy to his family in their sad bereavement, and orders that a copy of this resolution be presented to them.

JOHN C. SHAFFER
JNO. J. MITCHELL
CHAUNCEY KEEP
Directors.

Preamble and resolution passed at a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Sibley Warehouse & Storage Co., held at the office of the Company, Monday, October 29, 1917:

WHEREAS, Arthur Dixon, one of the original Stockholders and Directors of this Corporation, passed away October 26th, be it

RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors give permanent expression of their admiration for his exceptional service to the Company and to the City at large and express the sincere sympathy of the Board to the family in their bereavement;

And therefore the resolution as passed will be spread on the records of the Company.

HENRY W. ACKHOFF
SACKETT H. VERRALL
SECOR CUNNINGHAM
DONALD DEFREES
Directors.

Extract from the Minutes of a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, held in Chicago, Illinois, on Wednesday, November 14, 1917:

Arthur Dixon, for more than twenty years one of the Directors of this Company, died in Chicago on October 26, 1917.

The Board of Directors desire to place on record their high appreciation of his long and useful service to the Company and of the qualities that endeared him to them and to all his friends and made him an honored citizen of his State and Nation.

He died in a ripe age, having fulfilled the duties of all the responsible positions to which he was called with fidelity and ability.

To his family the Directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company desire to express their sincere sympathy, and for themselves their deep sense of personal loss.

I hereby certify that the above extract is a true copy from the Minutes.

C. W. WOOLFORD, *Secretary.*

At a regular meeting of the City Council of the City of Chicago, held October 29, 1917, Ald. Coughlin presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, This Council has learned with regret and sorrow of the death of Arthur Dixon, who served in this body from 1867 to 1876 and from 1879 to 1891; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of Arthur Dixon the City of Chicago has lost a valuable citizen, who served the City as a faithful and efficient public servant; and, be it further

RESOLVED, That in recognition of his services these resolutions be spread upon the records of the City Council and that a copy thereof, suitably engrossed, be presented to the bereaved family as a memorial of our heartfelt sympathy.

WM. HALE THOMPSON,
Mayor.

JAMES T. IGOE,
City Clerk.

LETTERS

As indicative of the affection and esteem in which Mr. Dixon was held, excerpts from a few of the many letters of condolence and sympathy, addressed to various members of the family, are here printed.

The members of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Association of Commerce in assembly Nov. 2, by unanimous action, expressed the desire, collectively and individually, to convey to you an expression of sympathy in the bereavement that has come to you and your family, through the loss of your father.

The name of Arthur Dixon is linked closely with the history of the development of our city, and his manly character, his life of probity

and integrity, and his consistent attitude toward all measures relating to the welfare of the citizens of Chicago and the public at large, render it fit and appropriate that we convey to you, not only this expression from the membership of our own organization, but to speak as well of the loss to the people of Chicago of one whose life exemplified the nobler attributes of manhood, and objectified the qualities and actions of a loyal, true and patriotic citizen.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN D. SHOOP
FREDERICK T. BOLES
H. L. GREEN

My Dear Mrs. Dixon:

It was my intention to follow my telegram immediately with a letter, but I have been traveling continuously since then—and only reached home today.

I not only wanted to express my sympathy for you and your sons and daughters, but I wanted to add my testimony to that of the thousand others who have tried to tell you how very kind and noble and great was the good man who is gone.

Dear Mr. Dixon was one in a hundred thousand. He was a strong man—a true man. He was true to his family, to his city, to his country, but, best of all, he was true to himself. He was devoted to his family, but was equally loyal to his city—to which he gave the best years of his life.

And you, my dear Mrs. Dixon, have stood with him and shared with him in his accomplishments.

You are sad today but you must be proud. You must be proud of the dear one gone and proud of the splendid boys and girls who are, and always have been, the most considerate sons and daughters a parent has ever known.

Arthur Dixon has left an unblemished name and it is certain that he has left it in the keeping of those who will guard it as sacredly as he himself had guarded it.

You and yours are rich in beautiful memories of him and you, my dear Mrs. Dixon, are rich in memories and in the possession of eleven devoted sons and daughters who will strengthen and support you.

In deepest sympathy, I remain, sincerely,

EDWARD B. BUTLER.

I sympathize with you deeply in the great affliction which has come to you in the taking away of your dear husband. However, you have the consolation of knowing that he not only lived to a very ripe old age but that in his career he did a great deal of good for God and humanity. His life was one of rectitude and industry; he carved out his own fortune in a noble way. He has left the aroma of an exemplary sweet life as an heritage for his children, who I am sure will rise up and call him blessed.

To all of your children I also extend my sincere condolence.

Trusting that the good Lord will be with you in this affliction and sustain and comfort you in this dark hour of grief, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

JESSE HOLDOM.

At my first meeting with Mr. Dixon nearly forty years ago, I was impressed with his personality—his breadth of vision and strength of action fitting well his physical attainments. Since then my frequent association with him in business affairs, large and small, has but confirmed my first impressions. The fighting qualities which were his birthright were, when in evidence, tempered by a generosity and sense of fairness which commanded the respect of his opponents and made his friendship an asset of great value to all its possessors. In his extended period of public service he evidenced citizenship of the highest class, and his many and bountiful charities were bestowed unostentatiously and with singleness of purpose. His religion was deep, outflowing and practical, and despite the dimming of the outward light for him during the last years, he continued by his presence and council to illumine the pathway of others.

A. J. EARLING.

Words cannot express to you and yours my sorrow over the death of my dear friend, he was such a grand, good man, a real friend, we all loved him, we shall miss him.

With a great deal of love for you dear Mrs. Dixon, I hope strength will be given to you to carry your burden; you were such a good wife you cannot have any regrets that you left anything undone—you will be rewarded for all your goodness.

Mr. Earling and the children join with me in a great deal of love to you and the family.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET H. EARLING.

I wish to express to you and your family the sincerest sympathy of Mrs. Miller and myself in your great affliction. It was my great privilege to know Mr. Dixon intimately for many years, and to appreciate and admire his zeal and work and generosity and large influence for good in church, and in everything for the betterment of the community. He was a great, good citizen. His kindly cheer and his warm heart made for him a host of friends and endeared him to them all.

May God bless and sustain and comfort you in your great bereavement.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN S. MILLER.

He was a noble man; kept close to his friends in the sunshine and did not desert them on a cloudy day or in the night. No one knew him but to love, and none spoke but in his praise.

HIRAM R. MCCULLOUGH.

It is difficult for me to find in my own language a suitable expression as a tribute to the memory of your father, and I have therefore borrowed from a quotation, reading as follows:

"In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great."

These few lines are better fitted to convey the high esteem in which I held him.

Sincerely yours,

W. J. JACKSON.

In the death of your father, Arthur Dixon, I have lost a friend and, like all your father's friends, I have known the force of his fine character and benefited by his friendship.

Your father was one of the foremost citizens of Chicago. His name has been identified with the city's history for many years. During the

reconstruction period following the great fire in 1871 it was Arthur Dixon and those strong men associated with him in the City Council who accomplished so much in the upbuilding of the ruined and sorrow stricken city. My father at that particular period had the honor of being a member of the City Council and I have often heard him speak of the sympathetic and forceful characteristics of Arthur Dixon, which were so pronounced during those trying times.

As a Director of the Central Trust Company of Illinois he always took an active interest in what was going on. His judgment was always prompt and correct, and his loss will be felt.

Kindly accept for yourself and your family my sincere sympathy, and believe me always

Very sincerely yours,

J. E. Otis.

With thousands of others, who knew your father well, I want to extend my sympathy to your mother and family on his death.

I knew him a long while and well and, as a young man, always admired the forceful and fearless manner in which he represented the First Ward in the City Council of Chicago.

His work in the reconstruction period following the great fire of '71 ranks along with the other great pioneers and captains of industry in the development of Chicago as it is today.

Such a man is missed in a great community, but he lived his four score and lived it well.

His record and work are such that you and your brothers may well be proud.

Sincerely yours,

F. B. Bowes.

Will you accept from me, as a long time friend of Mr. Dixon, my heartfelt sympathy for yourself and family. He will be missed by a host of friends and will be a substantial loss to the community. He had the satisfaction of having a large and loyal family, of all of whom he could well be proud.

Most very kind regards.

Respectfully yours,

J. J. Mitchell.

Just a word for a clasp of the hand and affectionate assurance of my deep sympathy in a bereavement by which we are all bereaved. It was a happy and extraordinary gift your father had of making and keeping friends; and whatever the loss to church and public life, his going is sure to be marked by a sense of irreparable loss in those who knew him and who walked freely in the shower of his large warm-heartedness.

Will you say to the other members of the family that my heart is with them in this sorrow; and that I join with you all in honoring the memory of a rich and genial nature whose helpful and sunny ministry will be cherished with things that are loved best and never forgotten.

Cordially yours,

CHARLES M. STUART.

Our hearts go out to you and all your family in this time of your great sorrow over the death of your father.

His name will be written large when the history of Chicago Methodism is recorded. I rejoice to know that his dear children are carrying on the work he loved so well. Give to your dear mother and all the family our love and deepest sympathy. May God's rich grace sustain and keep you all.

With love,

C. B. MITCHELL.

I was shocked to learn through the morning papers of Mr. Dixon's death and I beg to tender to you and the children my sincerest sympathy.

Chicago loves men of Mr. Dixon's type and he has a place in the heart of Chicago's people second to no other man that has lived here. He has left a heritage to his family in the form of a name that no accumulation of wealth can buy. His name will stand among the pioneers of the city whose integrity justified success.

Very sincerely yours,

MARTIN B. MADDEN.

Mr. Dixon's long identification with Wesley Memorial Hospital, as a trustee, will make that institution forever his debtor. Far-seeing, conservative, decisive, broad-minded, honorable, he wielded a tremendous

influence. His loyalty and his wisdom were unquestioned. His faithfulness, when attendance at Board meetings must have involved so much of physical discomfort, was an inspiration. He was a real man, a great man, to know whom intimately was an uplift and an honor. He is gone, but his influence remains for the betterment of his city and for the guidance and helping into better living of all who came closely into his life.

Sincerely yours,

E. S. Gilmore.

I loved your father. He was a good man. His life has been a blessing to the world and has added power and glory to the church of Christ.

Although I did not see him often I shall miss him from the circle of my good friends. He always had something kind to say whenever we met and coming from him the words of inspiration and encouragement were of great value to me.

I congratulate you all upon having had such a father for so many years. I know he took great satisfaction in his family and we are glad that, although he has gone from us, you all remain to bless us with your lives and your influence.

Yours very cordially,

Johnstone Myers.

Permit me to extend to you and your bereaved family my profound sympathy in the hour of your great affliction.

I met Mr. Dixon when I first came to Chicago in the seventies and have enjoyed the honor of his acquaintance ever since. A more kindly hearted and genial gentleman I have rarely met. His death is a loss not only to his family but to the whole community.

Very truly yours,

E. F. Dunne.

Please accept for yourself, and convey to the other members of your family, my sincere sympathy in the loss of your great father. At the same time, however, I wish to congratulate you all upon the fine heritage which is yours by reason of his long life of usefulness in this community.

Yours very truly,

Jesse A. Baldwin.

I attempted to reach you over the telephone the moment I heard of your father's death, but did not succeed. I take this opportunity to express my sympathy. I feel the more fitted for this service because of my own father's recent transfiguration in his eighty-sixth year. There is sorrow, of course, but this sorrow is permeated with rich joy that you have had such a father as the inspiration of your life. The faith you have held will sustain you in this hour. Indeed, as in my own case, I know your faith will be enlarged, for the future will become more real. May His grace be sufficient for you and yours.

Sincerely, E. Robb Zaring.

Having always had a warm place in my heart for you, I want to send this word of sympathy. I know just what it means. Of course, in the very nature of things, you could not hope to keep your father very long, as he had passed the ripe age of eighty. Nevertheless death is sudden, no matter how old one grows to be. You have been favored above most men in being permitted to have your father with you all these years, and I know, from experience, something of your sense of loss.

Very sincerely your friend, Marion Lawrance.

It was with great sorrow that Mrs. Defrees and I read of your father's death this morning.

There are today among our citizens hundreds of men whom your father bound to himself as he did me by his broad sympathy and constant thoughtfulness, and who today join me in respectful (in many cases though it may be silent) tribute to his memory.

Mrs. Defrees joins me in expressing our most earnest sympathy to the family.

Sincerely yours, Joseph H. Defrees.

I felt that I had a very good friend indeed in your father, and I regard his loss as a personal one. I will also certainly miss him around the Board table at the Central Trust Co.

With expressions of deepest sympathy for yourself and other members of your family, I am

Very sincerely yours, H. G. Hetzler.

It is with a feeling of deep sorrow and regret, as well as a great personal loss to many members of Butler Brothers' Chicago house, to learn this morning of the death of Mr. Arthur Dixon. Please express our sympathy to Mrs. Arthur Dixon and all members of the family.

Very sincerely yours,

MARVIN B. POOL.

I wish to express to you the sincere sympathy of the Trustees and Governing Members of the Art Institute in the great loss with which you have met in the death of your husband, Mr. Arthur Dixon.

Mr. Dixon has long been associated with the Art Institute as a Governing Member. He always expressed loyal interest in the Institute and with his passing away we realize the loss of a good and true friend.

Very truly yours,

W. F. TUTTLE,
Secretary.

To you and to your mother and all the others of the family, I would extend my sympathy and that of my mother, who joins me in so doing.

He was our friend as well as the friend of many others, and now that we shall see him no more among us, we shall remember him as a man unique, loyal and true, who has been summoned into the Great Presence, just a little time before we too shall pass over the river to our loved ones who have gone on before.

Please convey to your mother this expression of our own sense of loss and heartfelt sorrow.

Yours sincerely,

CARL H. FOWLER.

Please accept on behalf of Mrs. Teter and myself our most deep sympathy because of the death of your father.

In the fullness of years he has gone to his reward, leaving a splendid example to all who follow him.

Affectionately,

LUCIUS TETER.

We have always regarded your father as one of us. He was our friend and our business associate.

Thus we are prepared to realize how very great your loss has been, when measured by our own.

We are not wholly disconsolate in that we are rich in sweet remembrance of a really great and good character.

Very sincerely yours,

HOMER A. STILLWELL.

I know what a great loss it is to you and your family and I also feel that Chicago has lost one of its greatest and best supporters. Your father was a man of advanced years and I do not believe any of us could ask to live a longer or more satisfactory life. Please accept my sympathy and extend it to your family.

Yours sincerely,

RALPH C. OTIS.

We have learned with sorrow of your bereavement in the death of your father, honored and beloved in the church to which he gave his devoted service and among men who regarded him for his sterling Christian character. The heritage of a great life is yours.

Sincerely,

ALLISON F. CLARK.

I heard a few moments ago of the death of your father. What a loss it is for all the members of your family. It must be a source of great gratification that you all, under all circumstances, were so attentive and devoted to him. We shall all miss him very much. Your father had a wonderful disposition and was so cordial and kind to all his friends.

Mrs. Miller joins me in expressing sympathy to your mother and the other members of your family.

Yours very sincerely,

GEO. P. MILLER.

I was shocked beyond expression to hear this morning of the death of your dear husband, and I cannot express on paper my sympathy for you and your family, or how much I feel the loss of one of the dearest friends I ever had in Chicago. In fact, I do not recall any other one in Chicago with whom I have been acquainted since 1867 for whom I have felt such an affection as I have always felt for Mr. Dixon.

You, as well as all of the other members of your family, have my deepest sympathy in this great affliction.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY S. TOWLE.

That a great soul has been taken from you will be ever present in your thoughts, but its recompense will be that his great love for you all was shown in so many ways during his life that will live with and guide you in all your future.

My sympathy is with you in your sorrow and my own grief is great by the loss of so dear a friend.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN S. FIELD.

What a blessed assurance and consolation to you must be the thought that he left such manly, Christian sons, who will continue the work which he so nobly began.

Commending you to Him who doeth all things well, I remain, in tender friendship,

Sincerely yours,

C. L. BLODGETT.

We learned tonight with very great sorrow of the departure of your dear father.

May the God of all grace comfort and sustain you and yours till you meet again.

In tender sympathy,

W. R. WEDDERSPOON.

God has been good to you in giving him to you and in sparing him to you so many years.

After a long and useful life He has taken him to Himself. We may not be able to interpret all the providences of God, but we know that "God never does nor suffers to be done, aught but that thyself wouldst choose, couldst thou see the end from the beginning as well as He."

I am yours faithfully,

G. K. Flack.

The world owes much to men like your father. Their lives are an inspiration to those of us that follow and we are all richer in the things that make life worth while through having known Arthur Dixon.

Very sincerely yours,

John W. O'Leary.

Mrs. Heistand, if here, would join me in expressions of sympathy and sorrow commensurate with the love we bore your good father and for knowing whom I feel that I may, with more confidence, sing "When the Roll is Called up Yonder, I'll be There." He has answered that Roll Call and I am satisfied that the joy in Heaven surpasses the grief on earth.

Yours sincerely, H. O. S. Heistand.

A warrior bold has fallen
On the battlefield of life;
He never flinched from toil or pain
Or thickest of the strife.

For scores of years he taught
The lads in Sunday School
To love the Lord, obey His word,
And mind the Golden Rule.

W. R. Mumford.

I have learned upon my return, of the death of your honored father.

He was loved by all who knew him. Certainly he had a great host of friends.

I know just how you feel, for I have been through the same trial. God bless you.

Sincerely yours, C. A. Kelley.

I learn this morning of the death of your father. We all knew that he was feeble and yet his death came as a surprise. Permit me to express to you my sympathy but more than that, my deep appreciation of your good father; a man so strong, so noble, so successful.

There are few men indeed who have meant so much to Chicago, to Chicago Methodism, and to us all as he has, and I know of no man of the present generation who has brought up such a family as your father has. He and your mother have always had my profoundest respect and admiration.

Blessings upon you and the whole family at this time of bereavement.

Ever yours,

LOUIS F. W. LESEMANN.

TELEGRAMS

Paris, October 29, 1917.

J. E. Otis, Central Trust Co., Chicago.

Will you please express to family of Arthur Dixon my great sympathy. His death is a great loss to the entire community in which he lived such a long life of usefulness and honor. It is an irrevocable loss to us all and I personally have lost one of my dearest friends.

CHARLES G. DAWES.

My deep sympathy to you all, also my congratulations on a triumphant life. What an inheritance of goodliness and human power you all have!

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE.

Cannot tell you how shocked I was to hear of Mr. Dixon's death. I send you all my love and deepest sympathy. Wish I were near you to be of some little help.

MAY L. VALENTINE.

Please accept from me and convey to your mother and the family my most sincere sympathy in your sorrow in the loss of a wonderful father, a fine citizen, a loyal friend and a grand old man.

JOHN W. MARINER.

In the death of your father, I have lost one of my oldest and most respected friends, and Chicago one of its most substantial and honored citizens. I keenly regret I shall be unable to be present to pay my last respects at the funeral. Please accept my sincere sympathy.

H. W. Ackhoff.

Accept for yourself and for your family my heartfelt sympathy for you in your bereavement. The good man who has gone was a potent factor in the affairs of his city and nation, and a loyal friend to the many who claimed his friendship. A. C. Bartlett.

The beautiful life of a wonderful man has ended, but to few are left such sweet memories. We loved him and join in love and deepest sympathy to all. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McKenna.

Accept for yourself and stricken family our sincerest sympathy in this sad hour of your sore bereavement. Chicago is richer far because of the more than fifty years of the devoted Christian life and service of your excellent, unselfish father. His example and influence will rest as a hallowed benediction upon our city and state for generations yet to come. Sincerely, A. J. Carey.

I have just learned with profound regret of your father's death. Kindly convey my deepest sympathy to your mother and members of your family. Chicago has lost a citizen who has served her with unusual fidelity. J. J. Badenoch.

I have just heard with deep regret of the death of your husband, whom I greatly esteemed for his sterling qualities. We send our deepest sympathy to you and your family in the loss you have sustained.

E. T. Jeffery.

I am shocked at receipt of your telegram. Did not even know your father was sick. Yourself and all members of the family have my deepest sympathy. J. E. Dalrymple.

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